Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 3, 1960 / 25¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

WHEN AFRICANS GO TO TOWN

By H. Jack Geiger, M.D.

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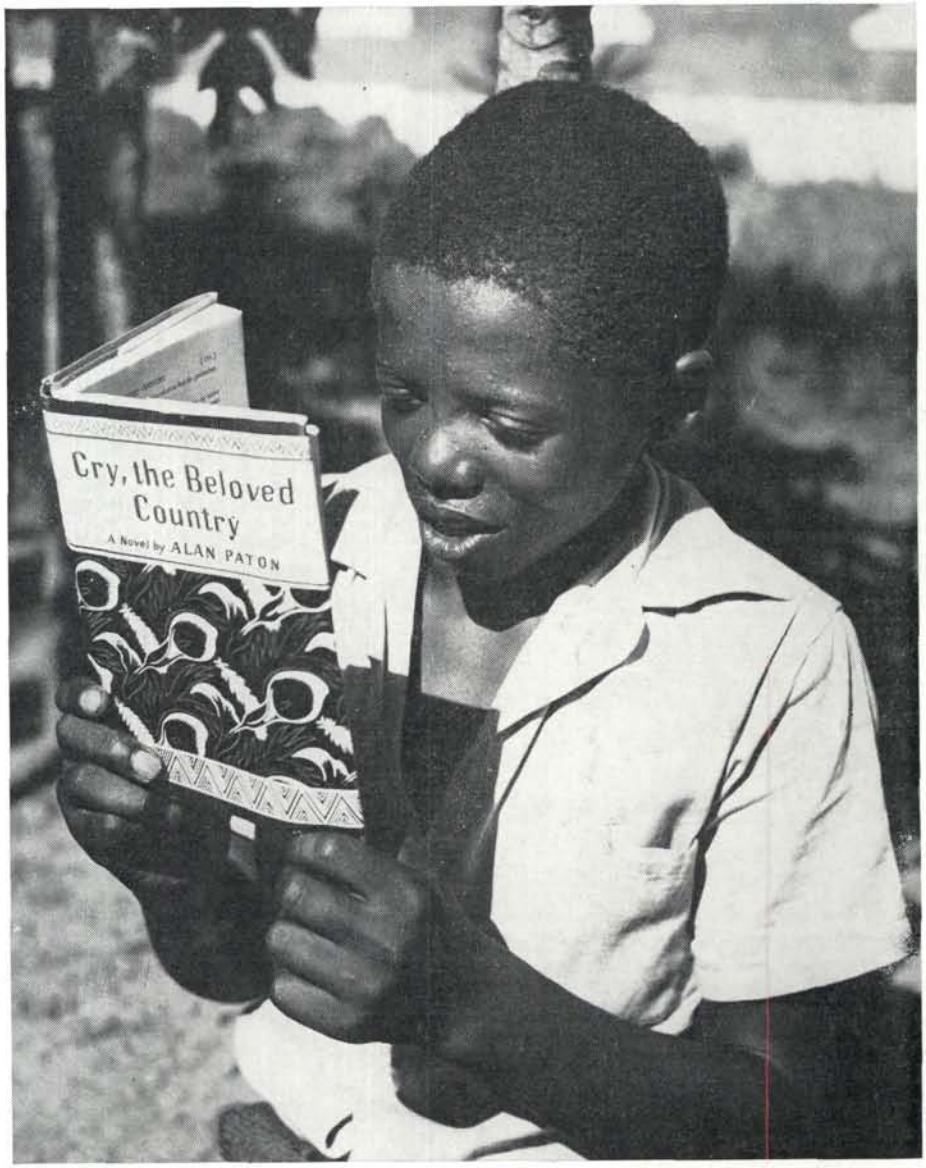

Outgrowing African tribalism confers new benefits but it also brings its penalties and its problems. (See article by H. Jack Geiger, in Science)

NEW STRATEGY FOR AMERICA'S SCHOOLS

By Alvin C. Eurich

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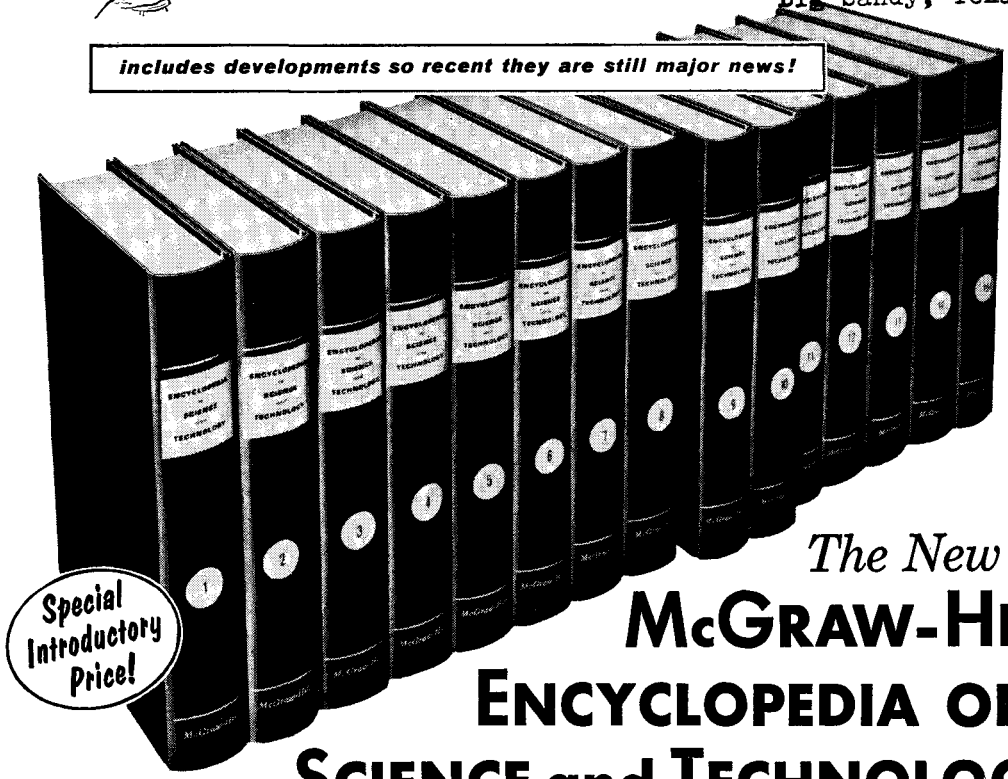

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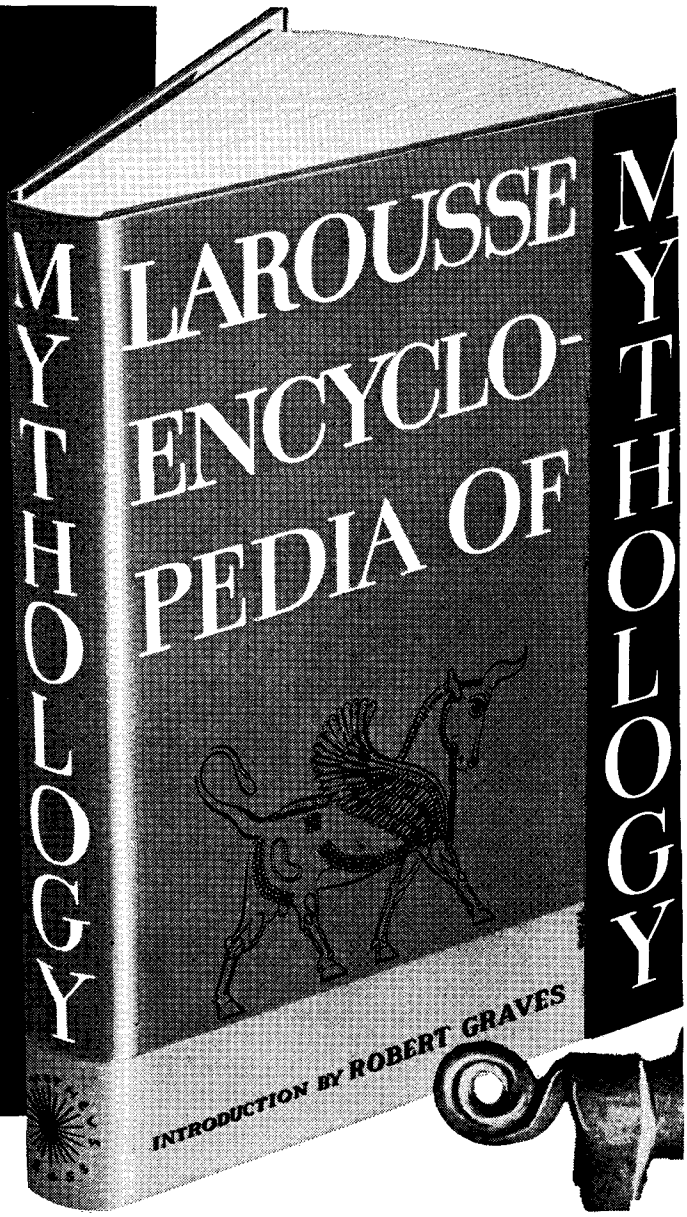

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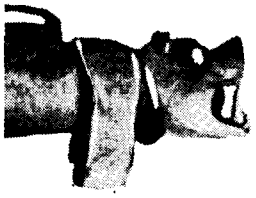

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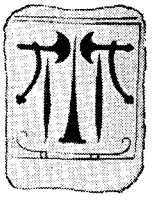

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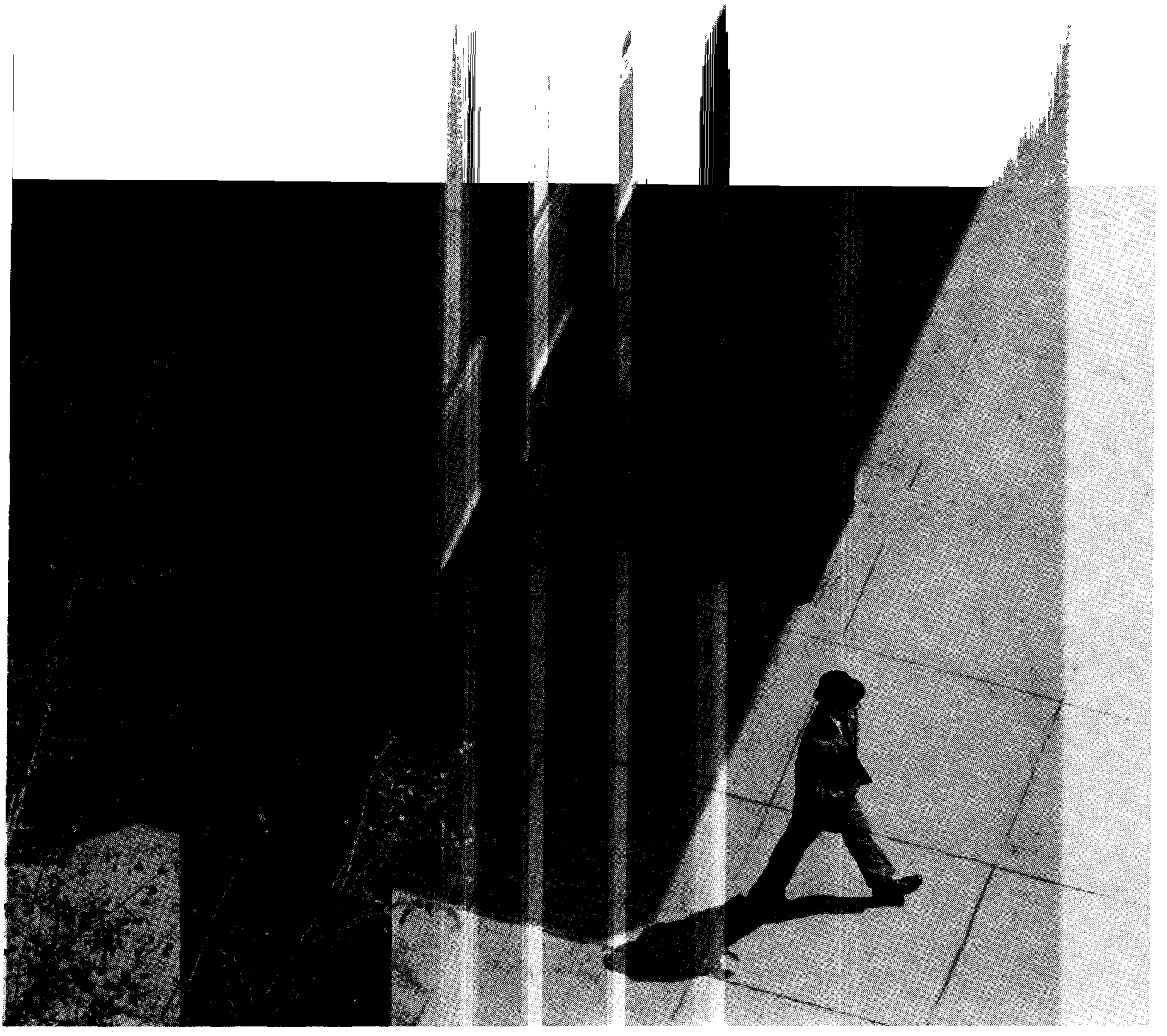

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

AUGUST was the month of Echo I, the X-15, Patrice Lumumba, Moise Tshombe and other Congo mumbo jumbo, the big Cuba grab, the Russian space-dogs, the Pittsburgh Pirates, Princess Margaret's butler, the court short coiffure, "Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini"—and Francis Gary Powers. According to an editorial in the *Wall Street Journal*, Powers's role should be "a source of pride," and the New York *Journal American* declared that Powers made "a good showing."

Well, from our sources, journals to the contrary, we can scarcely remember anything which left us with less pride—or, for that matter, which made, all over the world, a worse showing. From the beginning it was apparent that the man who testified that he had originally joined the Air Force to avoid being drafted into the Infantry, who joined the CIA at $30,000 per annum because he could not get a job with a commercial airline, and who did not like what he was doing and would, if he'd "had the time," have "looked for another job," was no threat to Nathan Hale. Indeed, all things considered, it seems certain that Mr. Powers was not brainwashed: he didn't have to be.

We also think, all things considered, that at least three questions might be asked of the CIA: (1) How Mr. Powers got his job to begin with; (2) how he was chosen for that particular assignment; and (3) in the eventuality of a continuation of that sort of assignment, what kind of men will be picked from here on in? In the words of Henry N. Taylor, who was at the Moscow trial, Powers was not only "scared" to begin with but was also a man with "a low curiosity level." And we are convinced that a good many Americans now not only have a high curiosity level as to why he was chosen, but also are eminently entitled to same—particularly the hundreds, if not thousands, of heroic, unsung men and women of the CIA who, in more than a decade of Cold War work, have risked their lives—and in many cases given them—in incredible feats of covert espionage.

• • •

Nor was it any too reassuring, as a relief from the Powers trial, to read the going-away shipboard interview of Miss Elizabeth Taylor. Off to make the motion picture "Cleopatra," she boarded the *Leonardo da Vinci*, with her husband, her doctor, her secretary, her public relations counselor, her nurse, and her three children by previous marriages. "Spyros Skouras of Twentieth Century," Miss Taylor said, "has not only arranged with Premier Nasser for me to go into Egypt, but he has also arranged to have 10,000 men from the Egyptian army to portray the legions of Cleopatra."

Somehow we thought Mr. Skouras's career as a diplomat had ended with his late debate in Hollywood with Mr. Khrushchev on who was the more self-made. It is obvious, however, that he is now attempting a comeback. After all, it isn't every negotiator who can get 10,000 men of the other fellow's army—and a rather unfriendly dictator's army at that. Obviously, we've been underrating the man. But the State Department certainly hasn't. In the mortal words of Hollywood gossipist Sheila Graham, "It all adds up to an intelligent switch, I hope, in Egyptian policy." A switch, Miss Graham, like appointing Spyros Skouras Secretary of State? Or would the Egyptian State Department prefer Sol Siegel or Jerry Wald?

• • •

Still on the subject of the State Department—a pretty easy one to stay on these days—we had a visit with an old young friend of ours by the name of Bobby Fischer. Fischer, three-time U.S. chess champion at seventeen, was just back from a round of tournaments and exhibitions in Argentina and Venezuela. We found him very pleased about the recent victory of the U.S. student chess team at Leningrad, and full of news about the fact that the team's No. 1 board man, William Lombardy, was giving up chess in favor of the Catholic priesthood. "Chess players are pretty fanatical," Fischer told us, and he then related how Samuel Reshevsky, the U.S. champion he superseded, will never play chess on Saturday, his Sabbath, because of his strict Jewish orthodoxy. It seems Reshevsky landed in Caracas one Friday evening and was traveling in from the airport when the sun went down. Whereupon he insisted upon getting out of the cab and walking all the way to the hotel—ten miles.

We found Master, or rather International Grand Master, Fischer pretty upset over the state, not only of U.S. chess, but also of the U.S. Government in relation to U.S. chess. It is rumored that the government frowns on U.S. participation in the Chess Olympics to be held next November in East Germany. Fischer feels that with some financial support from the American Chess Foundation and the U.S. Chess Federation the U.S. team could beat the Russians. To prove it, he even named his team—composed of himself, Samuel Reshevsky, Robert Byrne, Larry Evans, Nicolas Rosselimo, and Pal Benko, with James Sherwin as an alternate. We asked Fischer about his recent trip to Russia and he told us that the average man in the street was no more interested in chess there than he was over here. "Moscow's a pretty dull place," he told us frankly." Fischer himself has grown up some since we talked to him last, but mostly in height. He is still not much of a scholar, although he likes books on magic, hypnotism, and palmistry, and stories of intrigue. Asked if he wanted to go to college, he shook his head. "Nah," he said, "too much homework."

• • •

During the month we had an excited call from our friend Jules Alberti, of Endorsements, Inc., who is now spending full time endorsing "Celebrities for Nixon-Lodge." Mr. Alberti was in high spirits. "We've got the great quality images for President and Vice President in my generation," he said, "and with my celebrities, we've got nothing but quality either." He asked us who the "others" had. We told him Sinatra, Lawford, Dean Martin, and Sammy Davis, Jr. "All right," he told us. "Remember, you named them, I didn't. I'm not saying anything about them. But just let me tell you who we've got. In the first place we've got a hard core of Hollywood names—you know, George Murphy, John Wayne, Walter Pidgeon, Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson. Next we've got a good cross section—you know, Faith Baldwin, Taylor Caldwell, Mike Connolly, Dina Merrill, Chill Wills, and Johnny Harris from Ice Capades; you know, people like that. And then, at the end, we've got a sports group. I wish I could name them all—Bobby Jones, Sam Snead, Ty Cobb, Johnny Weismuller, Jesse Owens, Eddie Arcaro, Jack Kramer, Jim Brown. And do you know what happened?" No, we said, we didn't. "Ted Williams called me," he said. "Called me himself from Baltimore and said he wanted hundreds of Nixon buttons—all different sizes. He's going to have regular Nixon rallies in the clubhouse. *Ted Williams* for heaven's sake—and you know where *he's* from?" We said we did. "Right in you-know-who's back yard," Mr. Alberti concluded. "But remember, you said it, I didn't."

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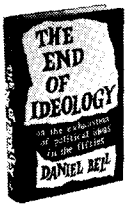

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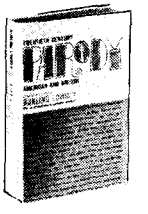

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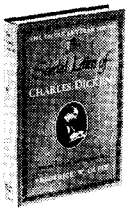

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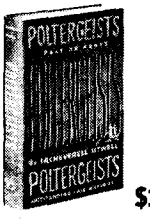

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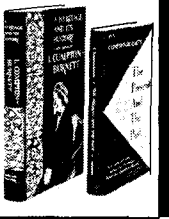

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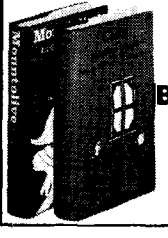

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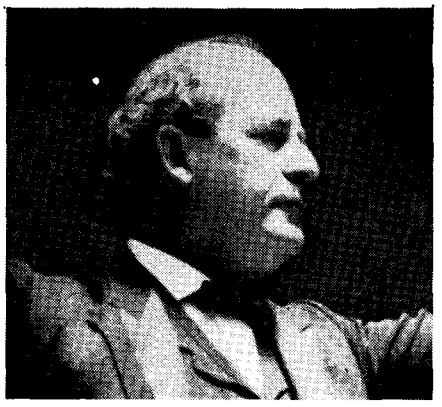

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TRADE Winds

EVER SINCE time began, there have been wags within every group, industry, or craft who have invented what is known as the "inside" joke." Often these jokes are unintelligible or require some explanation before they can be understood by people on the outside. Some of them, on the other hand, can be enjoyed by the non-initiate, even though he may not always understand the nuances such stories sometimes carry along with them.

SHOW BUSINESS, of course, is bound to be one place where the inside joke flourishes, what with the legions of creative talent that flock to its temples.

One showbiz story revolves around the ubiquitous trunk in which vaudeville players carry their props and other belongings.

A performer was explaining to the stage manager that he had to have his trunk just offstage, in the wings, regardless of the fact that the wings were already jammed with scenery.

"What's your act?" asked the harrassed stage manager.

"It's a trick act," said the trouper. "I hit myself on the head ten times with a sledge hammer."

"You've got the sledge hammer right in your hand," snapped the stage manager. "What have you got in the trunk that's so important?"

"Headache powder," said the performer, and went out to do his act.

AGENTS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION are always coming in for their share of showbiz jokes, probably because of the many frustrations of their ulcer-producing trade.

One actor's agent was on the verge of suicide because he was unable to sign up enough worth-while talent to book. Even his avocation—that of a Democratic ward heeler—was not enough to take the sting out of the prospect of giving up his whole career. When he was just at the point of throwing in the sponge, the phone rang. It was a famous actor, who also happened to be a staunch Republican.

"Heard a lot about you," said the actor, "and I was thinking maybe I might let you be my agent. Interested?"

"Am I *interested?*" said the agent. "I'll be over in three minutes."

"Just one thing," said the star. "You're not a Democrat, are you?"

After a short pause, the agent's voice came back on the phone. "Not necessarily," he said.

A SUB-SPECIES of the show business joke is the Hollywood joke. One of these concerns Darryl Zanuck, who was screening hundreds of rare and unusual acts for a giant film extravaganza. One of them happened to be performed by an elephant, which could do a perfect imitation of Bing Crosby singing, Gary Cooper acting, and Gene Kelly dancing. After watching the elephant do all this perfectly, Zanuck said:

"Sorry, we're jammed up with too many imitators. You'll have to come back when you learn to be yourself."

DURING THE EARLY DAYS of television, when Hollywood was full of jitters, a wave of automobile stickers hit the studio parking lots reading: HELP STAMP OUT THE EAST COAST.

ONE OF THE PILLARS of show business is a gentleman whom the public rarely hears about, but who heads up the second largest talent agency in the country. He is Abe Lastfogel, head of William Morris, Ltd., and his capacity for being seen anyplace at any time is the talk of the business. As a result, two legends have grown up about him. Though old hat to the trade, they are not widely known by non-pros.

One story has it that two actors were visiting Rome, when they encountered a huge crowd in a square. They climbed to a balcony to get a better view, not knowing that the celebration was for the Pope.

One of the actors nudged the other and said: "Who is the gentleman in purple standing beside Abe Lastfogel?"

According to the other story, a tourist, driving in the vicinity of Springfield, Illinois, came upon a man splitting rails. He stopped his car, and said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but you look familiar. What is your name?"

"Abe," said the rail-splitter, continuing to whack away at the wood.

The tourist's jaw fell open. "You're not Abe *Lincoln*, are you?"

"No," said the rail splitter. "Abe Lastfogel, of William Morris."

BUT LARGER THAN William Morris, and dominating the talent industry, is the Music Corporation of America, bet-

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ter known as MCA, and more often than not referred to as the "Star-Spangled Octopus." When it bought its present building at 57th Street and Madison Avenue, it was buzzed about that the reason for buying it was that there was a Chase Manhattan Bank branch on the first floor, and MCA would be able to build a chute into which to drop its money. The offices are plush, deep-carpeted, and furnished with rare antiques (which could be written off as depreciation while they appreciated in value), and the rumor is that some people have sunk so deeply in the carpets they've never been heard from since. The building happens to be directly opposite the IBM Building, where the famous "Think" signs originated.

Latest report is that MCA has countered this with signs on every desk reading: DON'T THINK—SELL.

WHENEVER A FILM is made, the executives involved in it make a ritual of screening the "rushes"—those film clips that represent the day's shooting. During the filming of a big Biblical spectacular, one director enthusiastically watched a scene about Moses, then left the screening room quickly to wire the New York office: MOSES LOOKS GREAT IN THE RUSHES.

IN THE THEATRE the most nerve-racking of all times is the pre-Broadway tryout in New Haven.

During one such tryout, a frenzied call to New York was made to get a replacement for an ailing actor who had only one line to say: "Hark, I hear the cannon's roar."

The replacement actor rehearsed this single line for half a day, without the sound effect, and was then shoved onstage to hear the stage cannon go off in his ear.

"What the devil is *that*?" he yelled.

SHOW BUSINESS, of course, has no corner on the market in inside jokes, although some yarns in other categories nevertheless spill over into the show business scene.

For instance, there's the one about the downcast actor who went to a psychiatrist.

"I'm in a mess," said the actor. "I'm cast in a musical, but I can't carry a tune, I can't dance, I can't remember my lines, and I'm too nervous to do anything right."

"I would suggest," said the psychiatrist, "that you give up show business."

"I can't," said the actor. "I'm a star."

THE PSYCHIATRIST is probably one of the biggest targets for the inside joke. One of the most typical concerns the two psychiatrists who got into an elevator with a businessman who nodded brightly and said: "Good morning."

After the man had left, one psychiatrist turned to the other and said: "I wonder what he meant by that?"

PRINTERS, OF COURSE, are not without their share of inside jokes. One of the better known type faces is called Goudy, and during the setting up in type of a series of books on philosophy, one Linotype operator put a sign up over his machine reading: NIETZSCHE BUT NOT GOUDY.

THE RETAIL DRUG BUSINESS, full of fancy new names for its products, is not above kidding itself along. When the new drug Dristan appeared a few years ago, it was suggested that the manufacturer should come up with a companion serum called Isolde.

JOURNALISM ALSO HAS its share of inside jokes, one of the most famous being the story of the cub reporter who was so nervous while the managing editor was going over his first story that he tried desperately to make conversation. Failing to find any subject to talk about intelligently, the cub stared out the window, looked at the setting sun, and mumbled:

"This window faces west, doesn't it?"

"If it doesn't," said the managing editor, "it's the damndest news story you ever ran into!"

ACCORDING TO ANOTHER LETTER from Burt Kaufman, of Boston, the recent TV scandals brought on a rash of trade cracks about the payola situation. Crayon manufacturers are being accused of Crayola when they send out samples. Television editors, when they get a discount on a set, have received Motorola. A bootblack who gets a sample bottle of polish is receiving Shinola. And if things keep going this way, it's going to drive the disc jockeys right straight back to the Victrola.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

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Saturday Review
SEPTEMBER 3, 1960

NEW STRATEGY FOR AMERICA'S SCHOOLS

By ALVIN C. EURICH, *vice president and director of the Fund for the Advancement of Education.*

IF EDUCATION is the "life-giving principle of national power," as Walter Lippmann has said, it becomes necessary to ask: Who is planning for the future of education?

The answer is: nobody. The improvement of education in the United States is nobody's special business.

It is true that Americans generally recognize the importance of schooling and the need for constant improvement. But what is being done about it?

During the past decade our deficit of teachers and classrooms has continued at a disgraceful rate for a nation of unparalleled inventiveness and resources. And the quality of instruction has inevitably suffered. At the elementary and secondary levels, New York City is a clear example. About half of its junior high school teachers do not meet the minimum standards for regular employment. Its system is predicated on an era when jobs were scarce, when teachers were relatively well paid, when they had unusual security, and when there were at least three teachers for every position. Today we are in an era when people in many other jobs are more highly paid, when they have an equal amount of security, and when there are many more teaching positions than qualified personnel to fill them. And still we try to follow the same ground rules.

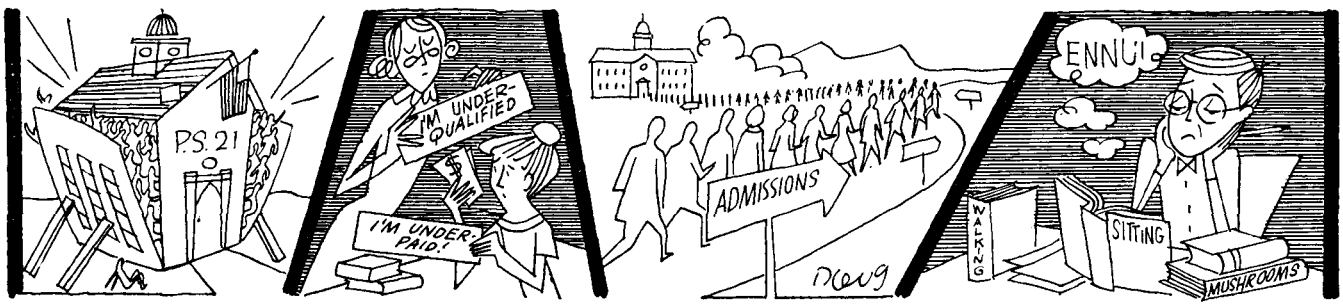
At the upper end of the educational ladder, in the country as a whole, the percentage of new college faculty members with a doctorate has declined about 8 per cent in five years. To put it bluntly, the quality of education falls far short of the acceptable and prescribed standards.

Since we have been unable so far to solve the problem of numbers and quality with traditional procedures, we are not likely to do so in the foreseeable future. Particularly at the college level, a new, unprecedented, and almost incomprehensible demand for admission is making itself felt. The magnitude of this need is recklessly underestimated in nearly every part of the country.

In a recent survey—and I am aware that in election years surveys should perhaps be taken with a grain of salt—it was found that parents in this nation expect to send two-thirds of their children under eighteen years of age to college. Although all will not realize this ambition, we can be sure that most of them will spare no effort to do so. For reasons right or wrong, they want their children to go to college—this is a great American dream. The result is that the percentage of our youth in college will triple during the next generation. In addition, we must consider the staggering increase in our youth population: five years from now there will be 40 per cent more young people completing high school. No state in the union, I think it is safe to say, has made adequate provisions to accommodate these students.

This new problem takes on added urgency with the realization that parents are saving practically nothing specifically to cover the costs of their children's education. The 40 per cent who have a financial plan were able to save last year an average of only $150. In these circumstances the pressure is bound to be primarily for state funds. Given our present operating procedures, the amount of money that will be needed for new college buildings in the future is utterly fantastic. In New York alone, for example, we should have to spend one billion dollars during the next few years to provide new facilities to take care of the college population ten years from now. Not in our wildest estimates have we considered such a capital construction fund for higher education. Education is a creative process; it cannot be effective when it is chained to rigid formulas. There is no magic in numbers that yields or guarantees high-quality instruction. In order to advance we must free ourselves from entrenched rules. We cannot afford to depend on "more of the same," when newer and better solutions are available.

Clearly, our colleges will not be able to operate as usual. Even if we had the money to build the future on the image of the past, we would not have the



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teaching personnel. Furthermore, we know that it is not enough merely to add desks for more students and to lengthen the days and the school year. With this purely quantitative formula we can only perpetuate mediocrity or, even worse, slide backward in quality.

Many will say at once that today's college students have already gone through public schools, and that the schools have been able to cope with the expansion—however inadequately—during the past fifteen years. But the organizational structure was different. We have 40,000 school districts in the nation; they are locally controlled; their financing is largely handled at the local level by local taxes, mostly on property, and by local bond issues. On the other hand, we have less than 1,500 colleges and universities (excluding junior colleges and the purely religious schools), and most of these are not close to the people and are not financed on the local level. Their financial demands will impinge directly, soon, and in great volume on the state budgets, which in most of our fifty states are the personal responsibility of the Governor.

THE stage for constructive changes must therefore be set through some instrument of state government that has as its sole mission the *improvement* of the educational system at all levels. In other areas of our society we have seen an emphasis on development yield high returns. For example, in agriculture we have a long history of experimentation and the application of new methods to meet new conditions. State experimental stations were attached to land-grant colleges in 1888. At that time it took almost half of our gainfully employed to raise food for the nation. Today it takes about 8 per cent, and an enormous surplus continuously confounds us. The record is phenomenal. But where would we be today in agriculture without the experimental stations and the extension services that carry the results of investigations to our farmers?

Similarly in industry, development programs have proved so profitable that we regularly plow back a percentage of profits for research and development. One of our major corporations proudly states that it has more than 9,000 people working on new developments.

In medicine and health we have a large corps of investigators who spend all their time planning for the future. They have been so successful that about 90 per cent of the drugs prescribed today were unknown twenty years ago. But nobody is doing anything like this in education.

I suggest, therefore, that each state set up a Commission on Educational Development. It would be the task of this commission to look to the future constantly and to devote its entire attention to the improvement of education in the state. Obviously, such commissions could not follow a uniform pattern; their organization would vary from state to state. But in every case these commissions should create an atmosphere in education which is comparable to that in agriculture, industry, or medicine and should make it clear that each year we can and will do the job better. The membership of such a commission should be of the highest caliber, comparable to that of the board of regents or trustees of the state university, and it should work with a highly

qualified staff. The commission would have no administrative responsibilities. It would serve primarily three functions:

1) It would sponsor new experiments designed to provide higher-quality education with due regard for efficiency and economy.

2) It would disseminate information about new developments not only within the state but throughout the country.

3) It would promote the adoption of such new developments as have been tried and found successful; it would also issue an annual report and recommend necessary legislation.

The Commission on Educational Development should be financed on the basis of a fixed percentage of the state's budget for education—at something of the magnitude of one-half of 1 per cent to start with. From such an appropriation, it should be authorized to make grants to educational institutions for experiments designed to improve educational methods. I am confident that the return on such an investment would be rewarding beyond our wildest expectations.

At the outset the commission would re-examine the so-called unalterable truths—the generally accepted premises—on which we are now operating our educational system. While considering the set formulas and identifying the areas in which it would work, it might well assess the results of promising experiments throughout the country. Such reconnaissance would prevent duplication of effort and enable the commission to find programs for adoption within its own state. Although we cannot review here all the "unalterable truths" or the generally accepted premises for education which the commission should reappraise, a few examples are worth mentioning.

Because so much in education depends upon it, the first shibboleth that requires critical examination is the fixed teacher-student ratio. Our state budgets for education are usually based on the number of students, and this, in turn, automatically fixes the number of teachers needed. This teacher-student ratio also determines the number of classrooms required and forms the basis for our school construction. It is usually assumed that the all-important ratio must be maintained at any cost: 1 to 30 at the elementary level, 1 to 25 for high schools, and 1 to 13 for colleges. Yet a half-century of experimental work does not support this fixation in American education. In fact, research places the burden of proof on the proponents of small classes. Students do as well on examinations, and in many cases better, if taught in larger classes *by superior teachers.*

It should be self-evident, therefore, that the quality of the teacher is the paramount consideration, but in our preoccupation with numbers we have failed to notice the obvious. It is hard to imagine anything more stultifying than a bad teacher in a small class. Our ideal of education has long been Mark Hopkins on one end of the log and a student on the other. But what President James Garfield actually said was: "If I could be taken back into boyhood days and had all the libraries and apparatus of a university with ordinary routine professors offered me on the one hand and on the other a great, luminous, rich-souled man, such as Dr. Hopkins was twenty years ago, in a tent in the woods alone, I should say give me Dr. Hopkins for my college course rather than any university with only routine professors."

For many years I wondered where the fixed teacher-student ratio came from. Finally, with the aid of a Talmudic scholar, I learned that in the Babylonian Talmud, the rule was established by Rabbi Raba, an authoritative sage of the third century A.D.: "Twenty-five students are to be enrolled in one class. If there are from twenty-five to

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forty, an assistant must be obtained. Above forty, two teachers are engaged." This rule undoubtedly reflected even earlier practices and was established long before the days of printed books. Rigid acceptance of such a fixed ratio today is like adhering to Ptolemy's view of the universe after Einstein's theory of relativity.

Teachers differ, and it has been repeatedly demonstrated that better instruction results when the teacher is given an opportunity to use his special talents more widely than he can in the conventional classroom of stipulated size. Efforts to utilize teachers more effectively have led to greater flexibility in class size, to the use of teachers' assistants, to team teaching, to the use of television, motion pictures, and even teaching machines. The work of the National Association of Secondary School Principals is an outstanding nationwide program in this direction.

In citing some examples, I want it clearly understood that I am not advocating that television, or any other gadget or device, replace the teacher. Nothing can be further from my intention. But I am concerned with the basic principle involved here, which is simply this: any device or arrangement that helps to communicate to the student effectively should be used. This necessitates new and different ways of using the talents of individuals.

The invention of printing necessitated a change in teaching technique; the development of laboratory methods brought about a revolution in the teaching of science. These changes were not easy to make. It took several generations to learn how to use the printed book. The Dartmouth library, for example, in its early days was open for only one hour every two weeks, and only five students were admitted at a time. Freshmen were allowed to have one book, sophomores and juniors two, and seniors three.

Similarly, it was many years after the laboratory had proved its value to men of science that it was permitted within the hallowed walls of educational institutions. Laboratory work was first confined to the professor's demonstration of experiments to his class, and even this was considered revolutionary at Yale in the beginning of the nineteenth century. Professor Benjamin Silliman, about 1803, performed many such experiments outside the regular curriculum, and it was a student of his who went to Rensselaer and inaugurated one of the first laboratories in which students themselves performed experiments as part of the learning process. And yet books, libraries, and laboratories, which in their days were considered revolutionary, are today considered indispensable.

Remembering this natural resistance to change, let us consider the introduction of television into education. Its spread has been most remarkable: eight or ten years ago there were a few small isolated demonstrations; to date, more than 30,000 students at Penn State University alone have had instruction over TV. Many other colleges and universities have followed this example. Finally, a year ago, the first college physics course was offered over a national network by Professor Harvey White of the University of California. The course included seven Nobel Prize-winners as lecturers; no one institution could have amassed such talent. Approximately 250 colleges and universities offered credit for this course on their own terms, administering their own examinations, and some 400,000 students regularly "attended" this first-rate physics course. At present, the shortage of physics teachers is critical. But this very emergency stimulated a solution that resulted in superior instruction for a large number of students.

In elementary and secondary instruction, more than 600 school districts throughout the United States are now offering courses over television. Next year an air-borne station will be launched which will transmit regular instruction to a potential 5,000,000 school children in several Midwestern states.

Results of previous demonstrations indicate that, in general, students learn just as well by instruction over TV as they do in traditional classroom work. The keystone of this new method is the teacher. This is a case of Mark Hopkins on one end of the log and a half-million students on the other. In fact, during this past year, one-half of all the nation's high school science teachers listened to Continental Classroom, and this alone has brought about an improvement in teaching. As an additional advantage of this method, Superintendent Joseph Hall of Dade County, Florida, noted before a Congressional committee that his county had saved $3,000,000 in school construction in the three years it had been using television instruction. Furthermore, he anticipated saving $12,000,000 in the next five years. During the current year the county has saved $300,000 in teachers' salaries, which has paid the cost of televised instruction, and, Dr. Hall added, the quality of the school program has improved.

THE use of television has changed ideas about the teacher-student ratio, as have other methods we have tried. It would be the function of the State Commissions I have suggested to look into and evaluate all of them. While doing so, they would most likely discover that learning is greatly improved by placing more responsibility on the student. After all, regardless of the teaching techniques, everything a student learns, he must learn for himself; no teacher can learn for him. Successful demonstrations of independent study and honors courses have been carried out extensively throughout the country. And yet we are reluctant to give students the responsibilities implied by such courses. Students have also learned much by serving as teachers' aides, by teaching others, and by using various new self-instructional devices. One of the major untapped resources for learning is the student himself.

A second "unalterable truth" of education is that the number of years in school determines the student's educa-

(*Continued on page* 35)

"I just hope that fellow doesn't slip and burn himself by mistake; those irons are hot."

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Form in the Fabric of Art

By Granville Hicks

JAMES BARLOW and Anthony West are both experienced novelists. **"The Patriots"** (Harper, $4.95) is the former's third novel, and its predecessors, which I have not read, were highly praised in the United States, as "The Patriots" has been in England. Like Barlow, West was born in England, but he has been living in this country for some years and is known as a book reviewer for *The New Yorker*. **"The Trend Is Up"** (Random House, $4.95) is his fourth novel, and the book that immediately preceded it—the more or less autobiographical "Heritage"—was an interesting piece of work.

Yet, in spite of experience and growing reputation, both men, it seems to me, have failed in their current undertakings; neither has found the truly effective way to tell his story.

In 1912 Henry James wrote to Hugh Walpole: "Don't let anyone persuade you—there are plenty of ignorant and fatuous duffers to try to do it—that strenuous selection and comparison are not the very essence of art, and that form is not substance to that degree that there is absolutely no substance without it. Form alone *takes*, and holds and preserves substance—saves it from the welter of helpless verbiage that we swim in as in a sea of tasteless tepid pudding." And three years later he wrote to H. G. Wells: "It is art that *makes* life, makes interest, makes importance, for our consideration and application of these things, and I know of no substitute whatever for the force and beauty of its process."

Most serious contemporary novelists, including many who would never be regarded as Jamesians, have taken James's admonitions to heart. I think of some of the novels I have read in recent months. Wright Morris's "Ceremony in Lone Tree," for instance, offers a beautifully intricate solution of a very difficult formal problem. Flannery O'Connor has practised the most thoughtful kind of economy in "The Violent Bear It Away." The apparent simplicity of Brian Moore's narrative in "The Luck of Ginger Coffey" is made possible by rigorous selection. So many even of our beginning writers have shown such awareness and skill in their search for the right form that the lapses of Barlow and West are really embarrassing.

It is easy to see where Barlow went wrong: he had two stories to tell, and, for reasons that can perhaps be discerned, he did not discover the proper relationship between them. One is the story of a war hero who cannot adapt himself to civilian life in peacetime. This is not a fresh theme, but something might have been done with it, and for a time Barlow's treatment seems promising. But then the second story, which is the story of a crime and its detection, takes over, and what Barlow has done up to this point is largely wasted.

"The Patriots" begins by showing us, in retrospect, the courage, resolution, and resourcefulness of Reg Mills as a paratrooper in the Battle of Arnheim. We follow him into a marriage that is not wholly satisfactory but goes along after a fashion, until his resentment of a sneering remark about his former comrades leads him to assault a respectable citizen. He goes to prison, and in prison, because of his independence of spirit, he fares badly.

IN prison he meets another ex-paratrooper, Tony Tobias, and it is Tony who suggests the crime—the theft of a payroll. Now—and we are only a third of the way through the novel—the crime is all that really matters. After we have been given in great detail the preparations for the robbery, and after the action itself has been described, the point of view abruptly changes, and we have the operations of a detective named Mallard. His methods are painstaking, and so is Barlow's account of them. Even as a detective story, which is what it has become, the novel lacks bite.

The title is a misnomer: Reg and Tony may have been heroes, but they were never patriots, were never moved by devotion to their country or any other cause. Barlow's failure to grasp this point suggests where his trouble lies: not having thought through the problem of the war hero, he could not make that problem central in the novel, and therefore he fell back on the tale of crime. To find the best way to tell a story, you have to be clear about the story you want to tell, and Barlow wasn't.

In "The Trend Is Up" West describes the life of Gavin Hatfield, member of a conservative New England family, who at nineteen, because of a girl's chance remark, decides to make a million dollars before he is thirty. He does, and in the years that follow he makes many millions. But in later middle age he is an unhappy man, and on the last page of the novel he is saying, "Tell me, tell me, what I did wrong!"

The unhappy success is even less of a novelty in contemporary fiction than the maladjusted war hero, but again this is a theme with which something fresh might be done. West, however, has not given himself a chance to do it because he has written an old-fashioned, sprawling kind of biographical novel, full of episodes that are irrelevant to the central theme. We are told how Gavin discovers Maramee in Florida and how he makes money there, why he marries Ilona and why she marries him. We are told about the house he buys and about his relations with the eccentric Marsen Bunce, who has a spectacular funeral. We are told about his war experiences and his war romance. Ilona and Gavin are estranged, after the war, and eventually Ilona becomes an alcoholic. The three children, as they grow up, have their problems, to which West gives plenty of space, and in the end everyone is in a mess.

In the closing chapters of the book West is effective in showing how unwittingly Gavin has played his destructive role. He is not a ruthless, hard-bitten predator; on the contrary, he is gentle and affectionate with many people, and he dreams of happiness. But since young manhood his eye has been on the main chance, and he is forced to recognize that everything he dislikes in the new and gaudy Maramee is somehow connected with the great Gavin Hatfield machine for making money. If West had done more with this theme, the novel might make a stronger impression, but by this time we are lost in what James calls "a sea of tasteless tepid pudding."

FORM is not everything in the novel. In the letter to Walpole from which I have quoted, James goes on to grant that Tolstoy and Dostoevsky are writers of genius, but, he continues, faults that are tolerable in them because of their greatness cannot be endured in less gifted novelists. "There is nothing so deplorable," he writes, "as a work of art with a *leak* in its interest; and there is no such leak of interest as through commonness of form." "A leak in its interest"—that is the very phrase for either "The Patriots" or "The Trend Is Up." They begin well and end in dullness.

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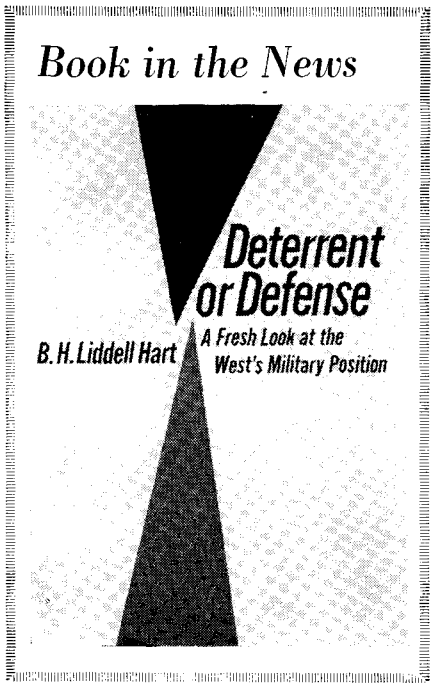
Book in the News



By JOHN F. KENNEDY,
Senator from Massachusetts

NO EXPERT on military affairs has better earned the right to respectful attention than B. H. Liddell Hart. For two generations he has brought to the problems of war and peace a rare combination of professional competence and imaginative insight. His predictions and his warnings have often proved correct.

In his **"Deterrent or Defense"** (Praeger, $4.95) he examines the military position of the West, and he offers his prescription. The book weaves together three essays which Captain Hart wrote in 1952, 1954, and 1956. They have a remarkable consistency and retain validity and freshness in 1960.

The central problem we face is clear enough. The Soviet acquisition of nuclear weapons and the means for their delivery anywhere on the face of the planet now makes certain that a nuclear war would be a war of mutual devastation. The notion that the Free World can be protected simply by the threat of "massive retaliation" is no longer tenable.

On these grounds Captain Hart attacks the Eisenhower Administration's New Look policy and quotes Richard Nixon as saying: "We have adopted a new principle. Rather than let the Communists nibble us to death all over the world in little wars, we will rely in the future on massive mobile retaliatory powers." Hart adds, as his opinion: "Any further threats or proposals along the 'Nixon line' would be the surest way to break up the Atlantic Alliance and open the gates to Communism."

The grand theme of Hart's book comes to this: the West must be prepared to face down Communist aggression, short of nuclear war, by conventional forces. He advocates an expansion of such forces under NATO command, an increase in the mobility of conventional forces to deal with conflicts outside Europe, and the creation of a United Nations standby force of about 20,000 men including reserves.

Behind this theme is a judgment: that responsible leaders in the West will not and should not deal with limited aggression by unlimited weapons whose use could only be mutually suicidal. This has, of course, also been the theme of books in this country by responsible military leaders such as Generals Gavin and Taylor.

I share Captain Hart's judgment; and, whatever our military theories have been, since 1945 we have, in fact, dealt with limited aggression by limited means—from the Berlin airlift to the defense of Quemoy and Matsu. But I would put our problem in a somewhat different way. I believe the central task of American and Western military policy is to make all forms of Communist aggression irrational and unattractive. From this basis of strength, I believe we must press on with more vigor—and a greater sense of hope than Hart would allow—to seek in negotiation with the Russians effective means of arms control.

Hart—like many Europeans—underestimates the American task of maintaining the security and effectiveness of the American nuclear deterrent. We face a real problem over the next several years in guaranteeing that our deterrent is safe from sudden attack and capable of effective penetration of Soviet defenses. We have no right to tempt Soviet planners and political leaders with the possibility of catching our aircraft and unprotected missiles on the ground, in a gigantic Pearl Harbor. This is our first defense problem.

Second, we must bring into being as fast as our resources permit the new generation of mobile missiles, notably Polaris and Minuteman. We need these missiles not merely to provide an untargetable Free World deterrent, but also for a more constructive reason. The relative security from attack which the new mobile missiles allow should diminish the need for hair-trigger decisions and should give the United States, and the world as a whole, a greater degree of stability.

Third, as Hart makes very clear indeed, we must think through afresh the military mission of NATO. General Norstad desires to see his force expanded modestly to thirty divisions. The purpose of this expansion is not to fight a conventional war in Europe. It is to provide a persuasive deterrent to the Russian temptation to seek a limited advance in Europe, on the assumption that the West's only protection is a nuclear attack the West would not use. Here we should note a point Hart emphasizes repeatedly: the European members of NATO have a larger population than Russia. He concludes: "It makes no sense that the NATO countries should continue to live in mortal fear of a nation inferior in population and material resources, and remain impaled on the horns of a defeat or suicide dilemma."

Hart believes the course of wisdom might be for the European nations to abandon atomic weapons and concentrate on conventional forces, leaving to the United States the task of deterring Soviet atomic strength. There is some basis for this view; and, in any case, the bulk of the job of deterring Soviet nuclear capabilities must continue to be with the United States. It is more likely, however, that the European nations will prefer another solution. Our partners may wish to create a NATO deterrent, supplementary to our own, under a NATO nuclear treaty. Unless the Russians agree very soon to an effective arms control system, with adequate inspection provisions, nuclear knowledge and weapons will spread. This inevitable trend must be effectively and responsibly organized. It would be uneconomic and unwise for each of our partners to build a wholly independent nuclear system. We need arrangements which would permit the rich scientific talents and rapidly expanding economic resources of Western Europe to contribute to the deterrence of nuclear war, without increasing the instability of the military position and without wasting European resources in the futile efforts of each nation to create its own nuclear weapons and delivery capabilities. Each of these objectives must be kept in mind in a new approach to the organization of NATO.

Fourth, as I have repeatedly proposed, we should take steps to give greater mobility—by air and by sea—to our conventional forces in the Army and Marines. The purpose of such steps is not to fight limited wars but to remove the temptation to Moscow and Peking now represented by their immobility. Our troops dribbled into Lebanon in 1958 over a period of several

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ED. NOTE: *Both Vice President Richard M. Nixon and Senator Kennedy were invited to review or comment on Captain Hart's book. Vice President Nixon explained that his present schedule prevented him from accepting the invitation.*

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weeks, in a manner that would have been extremely dangerous if hostilities had occurred.

Fifth, United Nations forces must be ready for instant movement. Our experiences in the Middle East and, more recently, in the Congo underline the importance of such a force and its mobility.

The creation of this range of deterrents cannot be, simply, the avoidance of war. It must exist to provide a stable and secure base for the active pursuit of an arms control agreement.

Hart discusses the question of arms control in his final chapter, entitled "The Most Hopeful Road to Peace." Although his discussion is incomplete, the chapter should be widely read; for he emphasizes some of the real difficulties we confront, notably because of the pace of technological change in weapons and the possibilities of concealment from inspection.

Those, like myself, who believe a much greater effort should be made to create proposals for arms control and to place them in negotiation have a duty to make clear that the task is extraordinarily difficult and technically complex. There are no easy paths out of the arms race in which we—and all humanity—are caught up; and the sober counsel of men like Hart should be heeded. On the other hand, we must try.

The design of an arms control system is as complex a task as the design of a military system. It must be approached with all the professional skills we can command: technological, military, and diplomatic. And these skills must be unified in the Executive Branch under the President's direction. If we are to achieve effective arms control, it will not come about in a romantic moment of human redemption. It will come about because we have carefully designed new forms of controlled military systems and methods of mutual inspection; and because we have persuaded the Russians that it is in their interest as well as ours to accept them and to make them work.

Is it likely that we can persuade the Russians to enter into an effective arms control agreement?

They are not going to take arms control negotiations seriously if they calculate the United States may be vulnerable to a surprise attack during the gap period.

They are not going to take arms control negotiations seriously unless they are convinced that we shall soon have an invulnerable, mobile deterrent.

They are not going to take arms control negotiations seriously unless they know they face a Free World which has the unity, the will, and the resources to deal with limited aggression and with nuclear blackmail.

They are not going to take arms control negotiations seriously unless the United States presents to them careful, detailed, and well-staffed proposals which evidently have the full backing of the President, the Executive Branch, and the Congress.

They are not going to take arms control negotiations seriously if they are enjoying success in penetrating Free Asia, the Middle East, Africa, and Latin America by a mixture of nuclear blackmail, economic penetration, and ideological attraction.

The United States and the Free World have a long agenda of common action if we are to create the conditions for a serious negotiation of an arms control agreement. But if we fulfill these conditions, I am not without hope. That hope is based on two solid facts.

First, the march of modern science and technology is presenting the Russians and ourselves with an apparently endless flow of new possibilities for mutual destruction. Now missiles; soon, perhaps, extremely expensive forms of missile defense; before long further possibilities for mutual destruction by the military exploitation of space. So long as the arms race goes on, each side is under unrelenting pressure to exploit these possibilities for fear of the disadvantage that would result if the other side got ahead. But sober, human common sense argues—and will steadily argue—that a means be found to call a halt.

Second, the knowledge of nuclear weapons is spreading and it will continue to spread. The instabilities that might result from this diffusion of nuclear weapons are equally dangerous to Russian and to American interests. They raise the possibility of a nuclear war triggered by some third party.

No cheap optimism is justified on the basis of these facts. But there is an area of overlapping interest between Russians and Americans. It is the duty of American statesmen to exploit that overlap.

In following this course, we should bear in mind a few impressive lines of advice from Hart's book: "Keep strong, if possible. In any case, keep cool. Have unlimited patience. Never corner an opponent, and always assist him to save face. Put yourself in his shoes—so as to see things through his eyes. Avoid self-righteousness like the devil—nothing is so self-blinding."

I have faith that the human race can make its way through the treacherous mine field represented by the arms race in weapons of mass destruction. If it is to do so, however, American political leaders must not mistake slogans and discourtesy for strength; and Russian political leaders would be well advised to avoid the same error.

The Russian leaders must understand that we are men who are committed in every fiber of our being not merely to protect our nation but also to struggle for the cause of freedom on the world scene; that we are not men who can be pressed, by blackmail or by force, to accept the transfer of territories and peoples to Communist rule.

In the 1960s it is our works, not our rhetoric, which constitute the real test of our survival. In this age a responsible course includes equally a strengthening of the Free World's defense and new, purposeful efforts to bring the weapons of mass destruction under effective international control. This is the real strategy of peace.

Said the Poet to the Analyst

By Anne Sexton

MY BUSINESS is words. Words are like labels,
or coins, or better, like swarming bees.
I confess I am only broken by the sources of things;
as if words were counted like dead bees in the attic,
unbuckled from their yellow eyes and their dry wings.
I must always forget how one word is able to pick
out another, to manner another, until I have got
something I might have said . . .
but did not.

Your business is watching my words. But I
admit nothing. I work with my best, for instance,
when I can write my praise for a nickel machine,
that one night in Nevada: telling how the magic jackpot
came clacking three bells out over the lucky screen.
But if you should say this is something it is not,
then I grow weak, remembering how my hands felt funny
and ridiculous and crowded with all
the believing money.

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FICTION

A Time for Poetry and a Time for Man

By MARGARET PARTON, *who reminisces about her years in India in "The Leaf and the Flame."*

IN A recent article in *The New York Times Book Review,* Santha Rama Rau, the graceful and perceptive interpreter of India to the West, indicts Western novelists (with the exception of E. M. Forster) for their failure to write about Indians as they really are and for their "lack of psychological delineation of Indian characters."

By and large, one must agree with these accusations. But it seems to me that there is an explanation for the failure. Until very recently there were precious few ways for a Western writer to come to understand the individual Indian. Indian friends? They talked exclusively of politics or economics, and never mentioned their wives or children. Modern fiction, which in other countries is so often a helpful if preliminary guide? It was nonexistent.

When I first went to India to live, shortly before independence came in 1947, I was struck by what seemed to me a dryness of the intellectual atmosphere. Even in New Delhi, the national capital, there was no theatre, no music, no dance, no serious film work, no art, no literature. There was, in fact, no escape from the overpowering atmosphere of political preoccupation. There weren't even any psychiatrists.

Once, in casual conversation, I mentioned D. H. Lawrence to a British-educated Indian journalist. "I do not read fiction," he snorted. "I am a serious man—that is, I am *only* interested in politics."

Another time I asked an editor who had recently returned from a study tour of America why Indian newspapers wrote so exclusively about politics and rarely about people as individuals. "The human-interest story is unknown in India," he explained, "because we are not interested in individuals and their relationship to each other; we are interested in our struggle against Britain and the national dreams of our future. And, in any case, no one would care to read about anyone who is not of his own caste."

Jawaharlal Nehru in "The Discovery of India" describes the intellectual atmosphere of the time:

> When there is conflict between races and countries even an attempt at impartiality is considered a betrayal of one's own people. . . . The overpowering need of the moment is to justify one's own actions and condemn and blacken those of the enemy. Truth hides somewhere at the bottom of the deepest well, and falsehood, naked and unashamed, reigns almost supreme.

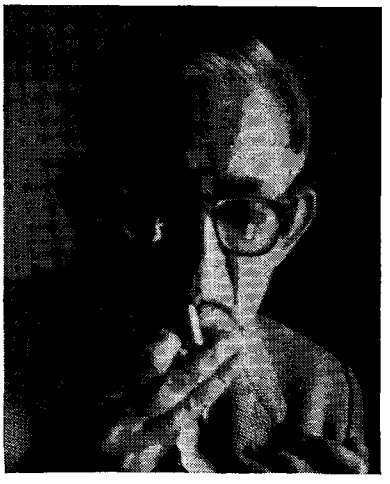
Living in such an atmosphere, engaged in a life or death struggle for freedom, it is no wonder that the creative talents of Indians were absorbed by politics for many decades, and failed to honor or support any serious expression in any of the arts. And nothing today better illustrates the beneficial effects of freedom than the flowering which has begun in all the various Indian arts, but particularly in its literature.

Ten years ago the only films produced in India were hideous studio-made stories from Indian mythology; today in "Pather Panchali" and its sequels we have beautiful and very real pictures of village life. Ten years ago even the greatest performers on the sarod and the tabla were scorned and ignored; today they are sent proudly abroad under the protective wing of Yehudi Menuhin. Ten years ago nobody paid any attention to the magnificent regional costumes and dances of India; now Republic Day in Delhi is celebrated by dancers and singers from every corner of variegated India.

Today (as he was ten years ago) Frank Moraes is India's foremost journalist, specializing as usual in politics and economics. But his twenty-five-year-old son, Dom Moraes, is a poet. Today, at last, there is beginning to be room and time for poetry, for individuality, and for the kind of thinking about human relations which finds its ultimate expression in the novel.

Out of this new mood of creative

Kamala Markandaya—"quiet and elegant style."



Bhabani Bhattacharya—"interested in human beings."

R. Prawer Jhabvala—"deliciously, ironic, sad, funny, and very charming."

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relaxation have come a handful of Indian novelists who, in the last decade, have given us more understanding of Indians as people than 100 years of Western writing could have done.

Foremost among them is R. K. Narayan, with his marvelously comic and compassionate accounts of middle-class life in Malgudi. "The Financial Expert," "Grateful to Life and Death," and "The Guide" come as near to classics as any books untested by time can. Then there is Khushwant Singh, who in "Mano Majra" was brave enough to tackle with impartiality the nightmare-killings of the partition, and whose recent "I Shall Not Hear the Nightingales" is a gently wry study of Punjabi family life. There are Arthur Lall and Sudin Ghose and Santha Rama Rau herself.

All of them are newly emerged as novelists within the last ten years, and all of them are concerned not so much with propaganda as with people. And none of them, it is interesting to note, is particularly interested in caste; their characters are villagers or members of the middle class rather than untouchables or Brahmins.

The three authors under consideration here—Kamala Markandaya, R. Prawer Jhabvala, and Bhabani Bhattacharya—are among the best of Indian novelists writing in English. All three are interested in individuals and the sad and sometimes funny complications they create. All three have written books which may be warmly recommended; Miss Markandaya's and Mrs. Jhabvala's to the general reader and Mr. Bhattacharya's particularly to the student of Indian village life.

My own favorite is Miss Markandaya's **"A Silence of Desire"** (John Day, $4), and that is partly because I enjoy enormously her quiet and elegant style of writing and partly because she explores in depth emotional and philosophical puzzles which are of universal interest, but are nevertheless expressed in an Indian context.

> In this country [she writes in a typical, flowing passage] the body had long taken second place, forced into that position by a harshness of circumstance which it would hardly have weathered without the sustenance of the spirit; by a harshness of climate, in which a consideration for the body would have been the purest painful folly; and the teachings of a religion, itself perhaps shaped by these, which sought to turn the eye inward and find there the core of being.

But abstractions are incidental, for Miss Markandaya is writing the story of a marriage, a middle-class, complacent, long-established, and comfortable marriage which suddenly begins to disintegrate. Dandekar, the husband, a self-satisfied government clerk, cannot understand for some time why it is disintegrating. He only knows that the gentle wife and mother whom he has always taken for granted is disappearing for long intervals and neglecting her home, her children, and her husband. Another man? Yes, but a man who leaves Dandekar helpless between the extremes of Western rationalism and Hindu faith. A man who tears Dandekar's soul in pieces and puts it back again filled not with complacency but at least with a tentative understanding of life's balances and mysteries, and a new realization of the importance of real communication between man and wife.

Mrs. Jhabvala (who is of Polish extraction but who has long been married to an Indian and who has lived in India for many years) is also interested in marriage and in the failure of communication between man and wife. **"The Householder"** (Norton, $3.95) is a deliciously ironic, sad, funny, and very charming little book about the first year of an arranged marriage.

Prem, the young husband, is a very thin, harassed, shabby young man who is attempting to hold down a white collar job in New Delhi and support a growing family at the same time. Only a year ago he was a beloved son in his father's house, and an honored university student. Now here he is, an inadequately paid instructor at a second-rate college, and the husband of a wilful stranger who is about to bear a child he must also endure and support.

"I thought once one is married and earning money, one will become different," Prem says wistfully to an old college friend. But the friend is too busy to listen to him, and so are the Westerners he meets by chance, all of whom are too engrossed in studying India "spirituality" to pay attention to the nonspiritual troubles of a bewildered husband. And in the end, who is there to turn to for sympathy? Thus we learn why Indian marriages are, by and large, happy.

"A Goddess Named Gold" (Crown, $3.95) is entirely different from the other two novels, for it is an allegory in a village setting. It is also different in that Mr. Bhattacharya (who wrote "Music for Mohini" and "He Who Rides a Tiger") writes with a somewhat difficult, old-fashioned style, full of exclamation marks and colloquial Indian phrases.

The goddess of his allegory is Meera, a beautiful young village orphan, whose grandmother is the stalwart village conscience, and whose grandfather is a wandering "saint." On one of his rare trips home, grandpa gives Meera a touchstone to wear on her arm and tells her that whenever she does an act of kindness whatever copper she is wearing will turn to gold.

Meera, as noble as she is lovely, wants gold only in order to help her suffering neighbors in their fight against the local landlord and moneylender. But immediately there are problems; can an act of kindness be deliberate? And (by implication) is quick gold the solution to village problems, or must they plod the long and difficult road of free elections and democracy? Mr. Bhattacharya, one would think, is probably opposed to foreign aid.

But political or not, propagandist or not, Mr. Bhattacharya is also interested in his villagers as human beings. Meera and the ex-soldier she comes to love, her earthy friends, her grandparents, and the landlord are all people who help us to understand the Indians not as figures in a frieze but as individuals.

In the past the Western novelist, wishing to create a Russian or a Frenchman or a Spaniard, for instance, had always in his mind a foundation of fictional characters created by Russian or French or Spanish writers; in a sense they took him by the hand and led him to the place of understanding from which he could create his own characters with a certain measure of confidence in their psychological validity. But for India there was, until recently, nobody and nothing. Now there are guides. And not the least of them are Dandekar, Prem, and Meera.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 897

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 897 will be found in the next issue.

P ARNNBC DREEBF

GD DHLBCSGXM P

EBFDHX TGKBD

CSFHRMS GX

HFZBF CH

MBC CH ABZ.

—SBFABFC EFHYSXHQ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 896

I'm living so far beyond my income that we may almost be said to be living apart.

—Saki.

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USA

Gambling Was Once Respectable

"Fortune's Merry Wheel: The Lottery in America," by John Samuel Ezell *(Harvard University Press. 281 pp. $6.75), indicates what happens when the law sanctions chance. One of the world's best bridge players, Oswald Jacoby is also an authority on gambling in general. His next book will be entitled "Adventures in Mathematics."*

By Oswald Jacoby

THE TAX on tea was unpopular in colonial America. So were taxes of all other kinds, and it was almost impossible to find contributors for worthy but expensive eleemosynary activities. As a result when someone wanted to start a college, to obtain funds to keep one going, to build a new church or a new highway, to get out of debt, to dispose of property that would not bring what he considered its fair value, etc., he would petition the Governor and the legislature, and a lottery would be authorized to raise some specific sum of money for him.

King's College (now Columbia) was founded through lottery proceeds. Harvard, Yale, and Princeton obtained much needed funds the same way. A peculiarity about the money for Princeton was that it was obtained through a Connecticut grant.

Mr. Ezell's work is a historical treatise on the lottery in America. He has performed a tremendous research job on this subject. In his introduction, Mr. Ezell says, "I have endeavored to show the forces that produced the lottery, why it came to America, its impact upon American life, why it declined, and what its future may be. Curiously, scholars and textbooks have ignored this phenomenon, a vital influence for three centuries."

The author takes no stand for or against the lottery but reading his factual treatment of the subject is all anyone needs to see that the bad results of any kind of lottery far outweigh the good ones except possibly in the case of the hundreds of small but totally illegal raffles held for almost every welfare project today, and the club and church bingo games, which, in my opinion, are not really lotteries but rather another form of gambling. Even now we tend to become annoyed at one request after another to take a chance on a new car or a diamond ring for the benefit of a school, church, or similar activity.

The first lotteries were private ones but abuses such as failure to pay off or even failure to have the drawings, cheating, and so on provoked laws against that type of lottery. Then came the legal ones, and they would work fine for a short while—until their multiplication surfeited the market. After that private brokers would step in and drum up sales. This would stimulate the purchase of more tickets but at the same time the return to the public would go down. It was customary in simple licensed lotteries to pay off 85 per cent of the money paid in, but with management demanding its cut and commission the pay-off would drop from about 60 per cent to nothing—and the supposed beneficiary was likely to wind up empty-handed.

Even the most legal lotteries were run with flagrant dishonesty. A boy would draw a ticket from the wheel and hand it to the manager, who would already be holding a ticket that had never been in the wheel. The manager would palm the drawn ticket and the winner would be the one he had all the time.

One chapter of the last three is devoted to the infamous Louisiana lottery. This venture was so profitable to the company of blackguards who ran it that they could buy up the state government, operate illegally all over the country, and thus realize a tremendous profit. This lottery ran for almost thirty years before finally being outlawed. It is amusing that when a Nevada lottery was proposed the gambling interests there defeated it. Apparently they feared that competition might kill the golden-egg-laying goose.

Mr. Ezell has treated this fascinating subject with considerable humor. He notes, for instance, that during the Revolution North Carolina first had a death penalty for certain offenses connected with the state lottery. Then the government changed it to a pillorying plus branding and other penalties. The author remarks that the death penalty was restored later, probably in a spirit of charity.

Eleven of the book's fourteen chapters are devoted to the period before the Civil War and, except for the fact that they do show the deadly lottery pattern, Mr. Ezell might have either shortened that part of the book or at least lengthened the rest. Only one short chapter is devoted to present trends and practically no attention is given to current illegal operations.

Nevertheless the book is a must for anyone who thinks that lotteries or other state-licensed gambling are a panacea for tax evils.

"I liked it better when you were your nasty old cantankerous self, before all this Zen business."

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Policemen of the Nation's Morality

"The First Freedom," edited by Robert B. Downs *(American Library Assn. 469 pp. $8.50), and* ***"Comstockery in America," by Robert W. Haney*** *(Beacon Press. 199 pp. $3.95), provide ammunition for those fighting against censorship, public pressures, and controls. Roger N. Baldwin is former director of the American Civil Liberties Union.*

By Roger N. Baldwin

IF THE ancient battle between the censors and the libertarians admits of few new arguments, it presents always fresh controversy as to what, if anything, should be banned and who should decide and how. The censors today not only have a wider field in the mass media of radio, TV, and the movies but to their traditional concern with smut and immorality, they add incitement to crime, juvenile delinquency, and political subversion.

Although the tendency to call the cops has declined under judicial restraints, the pressures of powerful private agencies have increased on all the mass media to conform to fixed concepts of what is moral and patriotic. These pressures have naturally aroused the champions of freedom, whether motivated by public interest or their role as authors, publishers, distributors, or audience. The industries in the mass media field cannot be counted among the champions of freedom; they are themselves censors.

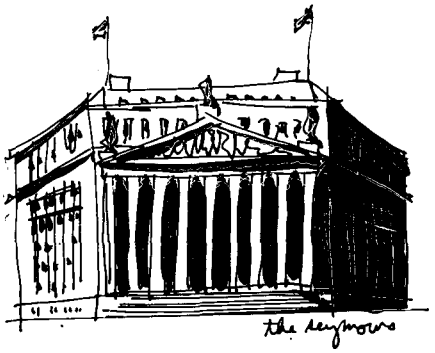
But book publishers are free agents to be counted on in the resistance to outside controls. Public libraries, far less free from pressure, have put up organized, courageous resistance through the American Library Association.

Under a grant from the Fund for the Republic the Association's Intellectual Freedom Committee has brought out "The First Freedom," a massive anthology designed to provide the book world with authoritative source-material against censorship. Edited by the former chairman of the committee, now director of the Library School at the University of Illinois, the anthology draws upon eighty-eight authors, mainly American with a few distinguished British and Irish writers. None of the selections is more than a generation old; most are contemporary. They range from the philosophy of freedom to specific problems and cases, the absurdities and irrationalities of censors, the social and political sources of control, and the polemics of protest and resistance. The common thesis that binds them together is the affirmation of intellectual freedom to write, publish, and read without fear.

While the problems and cases are principally American, the issues are universal, running far back into history. British experience is cited in the comments of a few well-known authors because it is so close to our own. Irish experience is cited as a case study of what ought not to be, marked by the caustic protests of Yeats, AE, and Francis Hackett, among others. The American record is particularly valuable since it quotes in full the major U.S. Supreme Court decisions against censorship. However, it omits the one recent decision upholding an obscenity prosecution on dubious grounds. But the opinions of lower court Judges Jerome Frank and Curtis Bok on the same problem are given in full.

Judges and lawyers are a small company among the long parade of writers, authors, editors, and journalists. Who better than those who write can champion the freedom to read? Editor Downs has made a diversified and comprehensive selection; I do not miss any significant contributor to a field with which I have long been familiar. If it should be suggested that a reasoned Catholic view is needed, at least one thoughtful article has been included, written by Father John Courtney Murray.

In so wide-ranging an anthology bound together by the single thesis of the right to read, no general conclusion emerges save the obvious one that restraints should be minimal. That some line may be drawn for the impermissible is conceded by some, but none would draw it where the public censors have in a myriad of cases. The volume is therefore an argument against all current legal bans on alleged obscenity, incitements in print to juvenile delinquency, political subversion, race libel, sacrilege, blasphemy. The anthology does not deal with the mass media as such, but the principles embodied in the freedom to write, publish, and read apply equally.



In preparing and publishing this volume the American Library Association renders a highly useful service to the book world by making available so handy a store of ammunition in the battle to defend our basic freedom.

The title "Comstockery in America" will not convey to most readers today the almost forgotten anti-vice crusader of the last century, Anthony Comstock, once a household name synonymous with prudery. The author, however, has adopted it with lower-case familiarity —comstockery—as if his readers would know. Anyhow, historically it is the right name for the subject with which he deals as a Unitarian clergyman, a bit of a lawyer, and something of a political scientist. The Rev. Mr. Hanley —evidently stirred up by the censors, particularly the Catholic agencies— made a study of the law and the public pressures and controls. He covers all the media of communication but he limits his discussion to the moral and social issues; censorship of political heresy gets scant attention. What interests Mr. Haney is the social role played by the comstocks in their interplay with the public opinion which sustains them, their motives in "attacking what they secretly find fascinating," their considerable success in replacing government censorship "by a smiling, very genteel censorship of private citizens who seek to do what the law cannot do." He concludes that the maturity necessary to escape the pressures on the mass media will be long in coming, and that the implications of our current controls are "ominous." Maybe so.

Mr. Haney is disturbed not only by censorship but by the decline of moral values and the escape to an amoral conformity. "We live," he writes, "in a period when every major political event and every economic and social problem contributes to the devaluation of honesty and mercy, of love, respect and fair play." In such a setting the prospects of defeating the comstocks are indeed discouraging.

The book is studded with historical and contemporary quotes, and winds up with one of the most inclusive American bibliographies I have seen on moral censorship.

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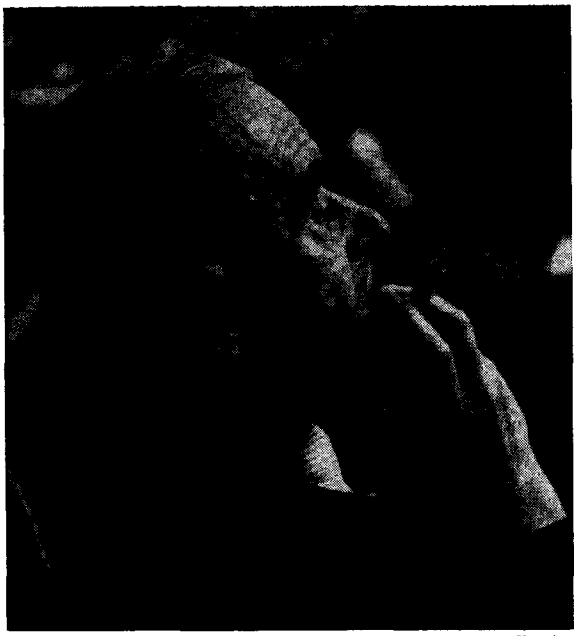
WRITERS AND WRITING

Fighter for Freedom of the Self



—Elliott Erwitt.

Thomas Mann—"one of the most gifted, most industrious, and most important writers of his era."

"A Sketch of My Life," by Thomas Mann; *translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter (Knopf. 87 pp. $3),* ***"Thomas Mann: Letters to Paul Amann 1915-1952," edited by Herbert Wegener;*** *translated by Richard and Clara Winston (Wesleyan University Press. 190 pp. $3.75), and* ***"Past and Present," by Monika Mann;*** *translated by Frances F. Reid and Ruth Hein (St. Martin's Press. 175 pp. $4), add intimate details to what we know about the late literary titan. Ben Ray Redman has long been a student of Mann.*

By Ben Ray Redman

WHATEVER posterity may make of Thomas Mann's books, his contemporaries can hardly help believing that he was one of the most gifted, most industrious, and most important writers of his era; and those who value his writings cannot fail to value any and all insights into the life and character of the man behind the novels, short stories, essays, and polemics. The three books gathered here tell us a good deal about the author of such widely various works as "Buddenbrooks," "The Magic Mountain," "Joseph and His Brothers," "Doctor Faustus," and "Felix Krull." In two of them Mann reveals himself, in the third his portrait is painted by a devoted daughter who is herself an artist in words.

"A Sketch of My Life" was first published in a very small, limited edition in 1930. It begins with Mann's birth, in 1875, in the ancient Baltic port of Lübeck, where his father was a prosperous grain merchant and a senator of the Free City, and it ends with his preparations to visit the scenes of "The Tales of Jacob" in Egypt and Palestine, where he expected "to find the sky above and much of the earth beneath unchanged after three thousand five hundred years."

Until the age of fifteen he grew up in a house large enough to contain a ballroom, in which "the officers of the garrison had courted the daughters of the patriciate." His childhood, unlike that of many famous writers, was sheltered and happy; but, like many a writer before and after him, he loathed school, rebelled against its discipline and methods of training, and, in his own words, "failed to satisfy its demands." A troublesome nonconformist who had inherited his artistic temperament from his mother, the daughter of a German planter and a Portuguese-Creole Brazilian, he lived in a world of his own, expressing himself in childish plays and juvenile poems.

After leaving school without graduating, he followed his widowed mother and brothers and sisters to Munich, where he worked for a year in an insurance office, and enjoyed literary success when his first short story was published. Abandoning insurance, he attended university lectures to prepare himself for journalism. Then he moved on to join his brother Heinrich in Rome, and during the summer they spent in the Sabine Hills he began to write "Buddenbrooks." Published in 1900 (dated 1901), after he had worked on it for two and a half years, this novel sold slowly at first, but skyrocketed when it was issued in one volume instead of two. At twenty-five Thomas Mann was famous, praised by critics and sought after by society. It was the beginning of his great career, ended only by death in 1955.

On this career "A Sketch of My Life" throws enough light to make us wish for more. It is hard to think of an author more sternly self-disciplined than Mann; however, he tells us that his novels and stories had a way of taking the bit in their teeth. Every idea that came to him promised to involve "no great effort in the execution," but these ideas always grew and ramified under his hand. Music, a dominant factor in his life, played an important role in the composition of his prose. We also learn that for him "every piece of work is a realization, fragmentary but complete in itself, of our individuality; and this kind of realization is the sole and painful way of getting the particular experience—no wonder then that the process is attended by surprises." Mann was reticent; nevertheless there are pages of his "Sketch," and scattered *obiter dicta,* that admit us to his intimacy.

ONE period of his life, which he touches on only lightly in the "Sketch," is illumined for us by the letters that he wrote to Paul Amann, an Austrian scholar and writer who had long admired Mann when he initiated a correspondence with him in February, 1915. It is the period of the First World War, during which Mann furiously espoused the cause of Germany, accused the Allies of ganging up to destroy the Fatherland, violently attacked Romain Rolland (who had taken a humanitarian position "above the conflict"), lauded German "culture" and denounced Western "civilization," repeatedly declared that he hated democracy, and believed that the future belonged to a Germany whose mission was "the social reorganization of Europe." Amann wrote to him to disagree with him, but Mann was armored against argument. His conversion to liberalism and parliamentary democracy came later.

The thirty letters written from 1915-18 are supplemented in the present collection by seven letters from Switzerland (1935-37), and eleven letters and postcards from Pacific Palisades, California (1948-52). The postwar letters are less interesting than those written in wartime, but they are all worthy of preservation. The single letter from Amann that we are given makes us wish for more. Herbert Wegener, whose introduction and copious notes are in-

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valuable, has proved himself an admirable editor.

"Past and Present," by Mann's fourth child, is a charming book, and one that may even be called beautiful. The writer's story of her own life is well worth reading, but it is the portrait of her father that will give the book enduring worth. She pictures him as a "strong, controlled personality" whose every action was "strictly planned"; an "aloof" man engaged in a "constant struggle for achievement," for a "freeing of the self." He was an intimidating father, but he inspired filial affection. He "dominated in a passive way—it was less his actions than his being that determined us." He was "a writer whose very roots were tied to music."

Monika Mann gives us many intimate glimpses of her father. We learn of his onetime interest in spiritualism; we see him in his study, smoking and browsing among his books, playing with a poodle, listening to a record player, walking in the rain, making a meal of soup and ice cream, mopping his forehead with a neatly folded handkerchief scented with violet water. We see him in times of happiness and unhappiness, in Germany and France, in Rome and Princeton and California. In short, we see him.

Monika Mann, who is primarily a musician, has proved herself a truly talented, acutely sensitive writer.

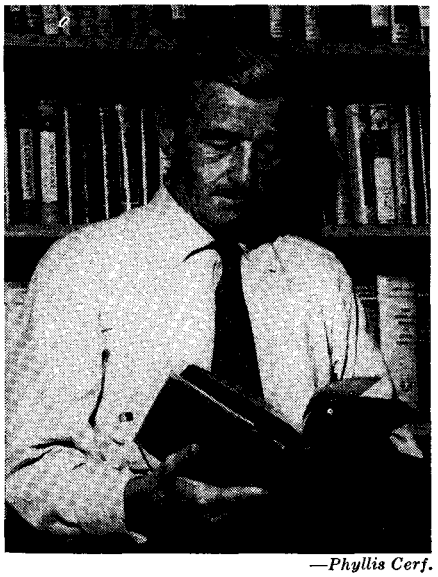
Yoknapatawpha Conundrums

"Quest for Failure," by Walter J. Slatoff *(Cornell University Press. 265 pp. $4), in evaluating the works of William Faulkner emphasizes the novelist's use of paradox and antithesis. Oscar Cargill, the author of "Intellectual America," is the chairman of the English Department at New York University.*

By Oscar Cargill

DESPITE THE fact that William Faulkner has created few, if any, characters that a man of taste would care to associate with, or still less invite into his home, he has fascinated more discriminating readers than any other American writer of his time, save possibly Ernest Hemingway. Walter J. Slatoff explains this anomaly as a consequence of Faulkner's power to maintain "tension," thus involving the reader emotionally with people who have little intellectual appeal for him. But fearing the reader's relapse from this involvement, dreading questions, Faulkner offers him no solution, no catharsis: the author's conclusions are deliberately ambiguous, contradictory, frustrating. Such conclusions, however, cleverly perpetuate reader tension beyond the book and explain the peculiar grip Faulkner characters and situations have on the memory. If "the supreme purpose of art," as J. Middleton Murry maintained, is "to reveal to man what he is," Faulkner has knowingly evaded that purpose, has deliberately chosen to "quest for failure," for failure alone can produce the result he desires: unrelaxed tension and no answers at the rational level. The agony of Faulkner's characters, Mr. Slatoff writes, "almost never leads them or those who outlive them to any wisdom or understanding of their own or the human condition."

Yet the endings of Faulkner's novels are, according to Slatoff's analysis, but one display of the essential polarity of Faulkner's imagination, his love of antithesis carried so far as to negate meaning. This extends from contradictory phrases like "dynamic immobility" and "exploding soundlessly," to definitions of characters in antonyms like rest and motion, to the pairing of opposites, to the violent conjunction of plots which have no consanguinity, like those of the now separated stories of "The Wild Palms" and "The Old Man."



—Phyllis Cerf.

William Faulkner — "has fascinated more discriminating readers than any other American writer of his time."

There are fantastic exhibitions of the "polar imagination" as, for example, in the case of Joe Christmas, whose black and white bloods never mingle, so that, when he is emasculated, "the pent black blood seemed . . . to rush out of his pale body like the rush of sparks from a rising rocket; upon that black blast the man seemed to rise soaring into their memories forever and ever." This passion of the novelist for extremes and the conjunction of extremes breeds tension within the framework of contradiction. How are we to take Joe Christmas, who is at once like Christ and a murderer? Whatever one may think of Slatoff's major thesis, he has provided such thick and persuasive proof of this trick or trait of polarity in Faulkner's fiction that criticism will always have to wrestle with it. Is Faulkner's "sanctuary of paradox" one that his temperament has forced him into or one that his art has chosen?

Perhaps from too long dwelling with his subject Mr. Slatoff appears to answer this question both ways, while stoutly declaring, "I have side-stepped the problem of evaluation. . . ." Strictly, perhaps he has, for while he admits the "hypnotic effects" of the Faulknerian methods, he does not choose to consider whether either temperamental or teleological ambiguity, such as he holds that Faulkner exhibits, has any justification in art. His essay, however, constantly and minutely examines almost every aspect of William Faulkner's art, and evaluation, if not explicit in that examination, is persistently and evocatively implicit. What are we to infer from the application of the thesis of Faulkner's Stockholm address that man will "endure and prevail" to those who "endure" in "The Sound and the Fury," "As I Lay Dying," "Light in August," and "Absalom, Absalom!" but a scrambling of values? Though "Quest for Failure" riots with suggestions, its most challenging point perhaps is Mr. Slatoff's contention of the futility of all previous search for a core of meaning or a consistent philosophy in Faulkner's work.

I am not ready to commit myself to his major thesis, for I think I see more unity in "As I Lay Dying" and "The Sound and the Fury" than he does; nevertheless I am willing to concede that if Slatoff's view (as he contends) "is even partially correct, interpretation . . . becomes a peculiarly difficult and hazardous affair and presents Faulkner criticism with serious problems it has so far ignored." As with all writers, we have reached a point, through the admirable challenge of this book, where we must thoughtfully reconsider much if not all of our preconceived opinion on William Faulkner.

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Counterpoint to the Tune of Love

"Colette," by Elaine Marks *(Rutgers University Press. 265 pp. $4.50), reappraises the life and writings of the French novelist who, avers the author, "is in danger of becoming immortal and unknown." Literary critic Otis Fellows is a member of Columbia University's Department of French.*

By Otis Fellows

IT IS perhaps in partial justification for the present book that the author tells us at the outset: "Colette is in danger of becoming immortal and unknown." The paradox is challenging in its piquancy. On the other hand, in view of its very considerable merits, Elaine Marks's attempt to reappraise Colette's life and works needs no justification. This is a highly readable study of one who, having been given a state funeral by her country in August, 1954, is still generally held to be the outstanding French woman writer of modern times.

Long before the bewitching heroine of "Gigi" burst upon a vast movie-going public, America had had ample opportunity to essay Colette's creative talents. Her exquisite prose and her acute awareness of the physical world in and about her have for years been available in excellent English translations. Moreover, times have changed, and today's reader, conditioned to a fare far more gamy than anything Colette had to offer, will seek elsewhere for the pungency and shock-value of the frank detail, the pornographic anecdote, and extravagant apologies for the voluptuous joys of the body. Her sensitively written novels are no longer considered primarily to be naughty stories of physical awakening and its imperious demands or quite shameless accounts of love in all possible forms. And this is just as well, for whether or not she is exploring variations on the theme of love Colette has, as Miss Marks so well shows, more enduring values to call to our attention.

We are once again reminded how Colette, that highly intelligent and remarkably gifted woman, who derived so much pleasure from eating, walking, sleeping, and making love, was able to transmute these and other basically sensual pleasures such as the stroking of a cat's fur or the caressing of an orchid's petal into a veritable hymn to life. There are those who have been quick to complain that, intent on cultivating her own restricted domain of love and lovers and, indeed, all the variegated manifestations of Nature, she has failed as a writer to give their due to the important political and sociological problems of her time. Thus Colette-Claudine, the snub-nosed little heroine of "The Indulgent Husband," explains and even complains of her own lot: "*Hélas!* How the sight of what I love, the beauty of my friend, the fragrance of the forests, the desire for Renaud, arouses in me the same emotion, the same hunger for possession and embraces! . . . Have I only one mode of feeling?"

Colette—"a veritable hymn to life."

But to read a Colette novel is to experience a sense of release from one's tensions, of escape from the shades of one's individual prison house. As Miss Marks insists:

> It is Colette's aim to bring to the reader's attention that which the human eye has not before looked upon or rather that which, although constantly seen, is never really observed, and because Colette both cherishes and respects the real, she treats it with loving care, she preserves its reality and, in so doing, creates her own magical art.

As yet no complete biography of Colette exists; nor does the present study purport to be one. Indicative of its contents, however, are the carefully chosen and startlingly appropriate titles of each of the brief chapters: "Games of Love," "Parables of Experience," and "Sorcery and Sagacity," to name but three. This perceptive book will persuade readers who do not know Colette to turn to her writings with interest. Those already familiar with her published work will, by the same token, gain from the present volume both profit and enjoyment.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TWISTED TOWNS

Novelists and poets frequently hide the name of a real town or city under a pseudonym. D. Bruce Lockerbie of Stony Brook, New York, submits the fictional designations of a dozen American communities and asks you to assign them to the correct states and the correct authors. He also asks you to give the real names of the communities (not tabulated below, but supplied with the answers on page 36). Key Columns Two and Three on Column One.

1. Altamont	( ) California	( ) S. L. Clemens
2. Bonneville	( ) Illinois	( ) Theodore Dreiser
3. Delta City	( ) Maine	( ) William Faulkner
4. Gibbsville	( ) Minnesota	( ) Ellen Glasgow
5. Gopher Prairie	( ) Mississippi	( ) Sinclair Lewis
6. Jefferson	( ) Mississippi	( ) Edgar Lee Masters
7. Lycurgus	( ) Missouri	( ) Frank Norris
8. Manhattan	( ) New York	( ) John O'Hara
9. Queenborough	( ) New York	( ) E. A. Robinson
10. St. Petersburg	( ) North Carolina	( ) Eudora Welty
11. Spoon River	( ) Pennsylvania	( ) Walt Whitman
12. Tilbury Town	( ) Virginia	( ) Thomas Wolfe

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What Price Conventions?

THE TWO national political conventions have come and gone, leaving as a monument to their usefulness two Presidential candidates, two Vice Presidential candidates, and two platforms that are so nearly alike as to be hardly distinguishable.

A very small by-product of the two conventions—the eleventh and twelfth I have covered as a reporter since 1940—was that they almost completed the process of my disillusionment with the archaic methods by which we persist in trying to govern ourselves.

I well remember the disillusionment of my younger son when, as a high school student, I took him to his first national convention—which happened to be that of the Democratic Party. So disillusioned was he that an older friend of mine, who happened to be a Democrat, felt constrained to say that it wasn't fair to let him see only how the Democrats behaved at a convention; that, in the interest of the Democratic party, he also ought to see a Republican convention.

It is certain that neither party has had an "exclusive" in the process of disillusionment that has accompanied my attendance at twelve national conventions in the last twenty years. Anyone who feels that either party is the party of unadulterated virtue and the other party that of unadulterated wrongdoing is widely off the mark.

A reading of American history shows that there was a time when these national conventions were conventions of dedicated and delegated men who came together from their various constituencies to ponder the question of which American could *best* lead our country and what should be the guiding principles (the platform) on which he should rest his case before the people in the forthcoming election. At the convention, people argued the merits of their respective viewpoints and their respective preferences for candidates.

To a considerable extent, this is all changed. Rarely does one hear a delegate ask, "Who is the best man?" Almost always now it is, "Who has the best chance to win?" All the techniques of advertising, salesmanship, and public opinion polls, the use of promises which were never intended to be kept and sometimes of not too thinly veiled threats, the use of paid demonstrators and a whole variety of showmanship tricks which would have caused the wide-eyed amazement and admiration of P. T. Barnum are now employed. I couldn't begin to list the number of times some delegate with whom I talked at the Democratic convention said in effect, "There is no question in my mind but that candidate X is easily the ablest man running and would probably make the best President, but I am going to vote for candidate Y because I don't think we can win with candidate X and the important thing is to win." I think it is fair to say that for every ounce of energy that goes into convincing delegates that such and such a candidate has the most ability, the best judgment, is best equipped by experience and knowledge to deal with both foreign and domestic affairs, and can work best with the Congress of the United States, there are *ten* ounces of effort expended to convince delegates that the candidate can win in November. An air of cynicism pervades the whole show.

In talking with the delegates, I was shocked to find perfectly good, normal Americans who said something like this: "For sheer ability I think Lyndon Johnson is the best man running and I think, too, he would get along best with Congress, but I can't vote for a Southerner." These same people would have been shocked and properly indignant at hearing any statement that began with the words, "All Negroes are . . . ," or "All Jews are . . . ," or "All Catholics are . . ." because they would have very properly regarded this as the kind of generalization that indicated bias toward an entire group. Sometimes it seemed to me that the most "liberal" people, those most in sympathy with the things we regard as having a liberal connotation, were the most willing to say they couldn't support a Southerner—*any* Southerner. Sometimes this talk took the form of nothing more nor less than simple, naked prejudice and sometimes it was used to mean "We can't win with him."

Only the most conscientious delegates showed any signs of righteous indignation over the fact that certain offices were promised to as many as five different people in return for their state's votes. Others regarded this as "shrewd politics" and expressed admiration for the political perspicacity of the people who did it.

In the middle of a political convention—either one—it is hard not to get the feeling that all Negroes vote as Negroes, all Catholics vote as Catholics, all Baptists vote as Baptists, all Southerners vote as Southerners, and the members of the American Legion vote as a bloc. This, of course, totally ignores the fact that we live in a pluralistic society and that a man at one and the same time can be a Democrat, a member of a labor union, a member of the Methodist Church, a member of the American Legion, and can live in Alabama. There just doesn't seem to be much political benefit these days in nominating a candidate who appeals to such blocs as "thoughtful Americans" or "informed Americans" or even just plain Americans.

A TYPICAL example of the cynicism with which platforms are constructed is the part of the Democratic Party's civil rights plank that asks the elimination of literacy as a requirement for voting. I suppose the theory is that if a person is unable to read what is said in the newspapers or magazines or to understand what is said over the air, he is obviously so beautifully insulated from prejudice that he constitutes an ideal voter. (It seems to me that the Republican plank in this respect was much better. It stated that as little as six years of schooling in any public school was automatic proof of literacy

(*Continued on page* 34)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE MARQUAND MANNER

Your magazine displayed little intelligence in assigning Maxwell Geismar, instead of an outstanding author, the not easy task of writing a literary obituary of John P. Marquand [*SR*, Aug. 13]. Certainly Remarque, Capote, Faulkner, Hemingway, and others could have essayed a truer assessment than Mr. Geismar did.

Fortunately, however, those aware of Mr. Marquand's worth will peremptorily dismiss Mr. Geismar's article as nothing but effrontery. The future estimate of literary history will, I am confident, place Marquand above his American contemporaries, and equal to Mann and Pasternak.

Mr. Geismar says, "He was not a major figure" because he "lacked the ruthless thrust of the big writers." This seems to me purest tripe.

Herbert Koransky.

Hackensack, N. J.

Maxwell Geismar's appraisal of Marquand as a writer impressed me as an admirably balanced and perceptive one.

John N. Higgins.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

COVERING UP?

In his article "Brewing Instant Fiction" [*SR*, Aug. 13], Albert Van Nostrand fails to admit that for all the Madison Avenue-inspired blurbs on paperback books, a new reader-ocracy is emerging. There is still a lot of junk on the stands, but more and more people are buying and reading books. Mencken's *boobus Americanus* never had the price of a hard-cover book, and Brentano's was out of bounds.

William Absolon.

Chicago, Ill.

The faults brought forth and conclusions drawn in Albert Van Nostrand's "Brewing Instant Fiction" are really quite academic. Let paperback publishers merchandise their wares as they see fit. It's the contents that count, not the cover.

Samuel F. Gamsu.

New York, N. Y.

MILITARY MENACE

To have Frank Altschul review Leo Perla's "Can We End the Cold War?" [*SR*, July 30], is like having the Devil review the New Testament.

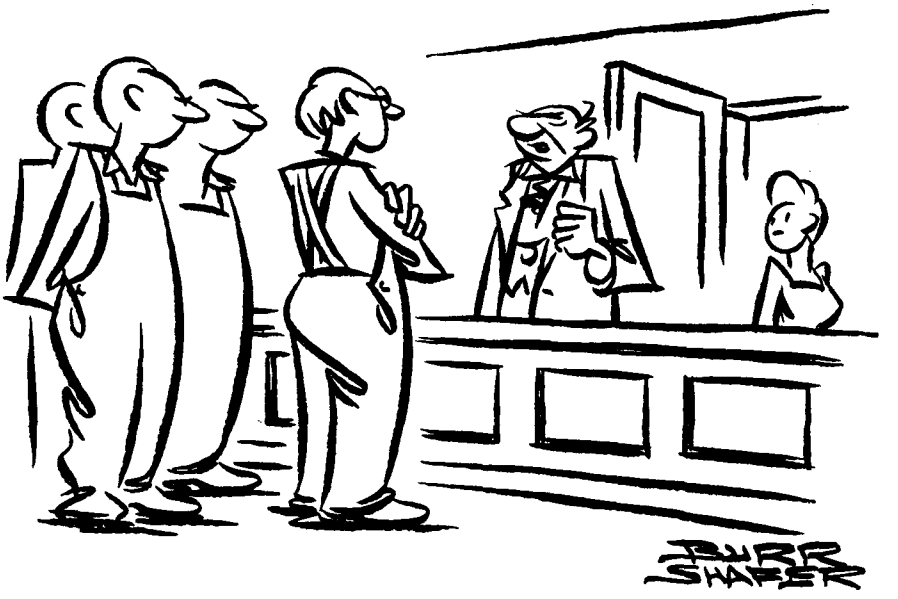
Mr. Altschul sets jauntily out to banish Mr. Perla, but fails miserably. He is stuffed with assumption and illogic, precisely because he has but one thing to say. His lame contention that our mad multiplication of military bases over the world, for example, is based upon consideration of "a menacing posture," instead of, as Mr. Perla contends, our bravado, merely shows up, and repeats, the militaristic mentality that unendingly tires so many of us.

His contention that to overload our guns so that we may then be on a fair basis with Russia is almost too illogical to answer. Illogic crops out again in Mr. Altschul's final criticism of Mr. Perla's suggestion for a new morality, when he says "Desirable as this may be, it hardly seems adequate substitute for a retaliatory capability recognized at home and abroad as invulnerable." How can it be desirable and not desirable at the same time?

It sums up this way: The piece is not a review at all. It is simply one man taking his pen in hand to write an opinion opposite to that of a man who has written a book.

Correll M. Julian,
Pastor,
Epworth Methodist Church.

San Francisco, Calif.



Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"A day off for Labor Day? Do I get a day off for Business Day?"

OH NO?

I just read the editorial "The Reader Gets His Innings" [*SR*, Aug. 13], and I want you to know that I, for one, never waste my time writing letters to magazine editors.

Stan Friedman.

Silver Spring, Md.

UPBEAT

John Ciardi, in his "The Rhythm and the Beat" [*SR*, Aug. 6], can find nothing good to say about "Mexico City Blues," by Jack Kerouac. That book contains one line ("Men who love have karmas of doves") that is significant and ought to be attended to. The word *karma* is Sanskrit; it means act, and especially ritual act. But it means more. It means, in Hinduism and Buddhism, the principle of causality: the whole ethical consequences of one's acts, the continuous working consequences of every thought, word, or deed. It is similar to our own "By their fruits ye shall know them" or "Thou shalt reap what thou sowest." The motto "Use all gently" is one that this age needs to adopt, and we should then not live in this unsheltered century under the preposterous fear of germ or atomic warfare. A man who can write a line like this has the root of poetry in him.

To clear away possible misunderstanding, let me say that I do not think that a single line is any more than a unit that works within the total structure of the poem, and neither do I subscribe to what your poetry editor calls "let-it-spill self-expression." A poem is a happy marriage between emergent spontaneity and the discipline of the craftsman.

Your poetry editor often gives the impression of magisterial omniscience. He wrote an article recently lambasting the beats [*SR*, Feb. 6], but his attack lacked perception. It failed to show the value of the beatnik critique of our stereotypes. Then, too, there are few books I respect more than your poetry editor's "How Does a Poem Mean?" because in that book he fights manfully against treating the poem as a series of prose propositions. But he commits what in England is called a "howler" and over here is known as a "boner." He says, "It is one of the functions of the poet, wrote the French critic Paul Valery, to 'purify the language of the tribe.'" It is conceivable Valéry said this, but he was merely echoing the celebrated line in Mallarmé's sonnet on the tomb of Edgar Allan Poe, and anyone with even an elementary knowledge of French symbolism knows this line.

James V. Baker,
Professor of English,
University of Houston.

Houston, Tex.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Music against Odds in Rio

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL.

IT WAS Mark Twain who speculated on the change in human events that might have come about had the Garden of Eden been inhabited by Martin Luther and Joan of Arc rather than Adam and Eve. On a lesser but no less positive scale, the whole course of music in Brazil might have been changed had Richard Wagner gone through with his intention of writing "Tristan und Isolde" for its emperor a century ago. Bayreuth might have risen in the shadow of the "Sugar Loaf" rather than in Bavaria.

Fortunately (on the whole) he didn't; for the responsibilities of such a musical distinction are more than the pleasant people of this particular pleasure dome should be called upon to bear. Holding the mirror up to nature is an approved form of creating art; but what mirror could do justice to a surrounding which at this midwinter season offers azure skies reflected in the waters of the South Atlantic that lap at the beaches on all sides of much-advertised, overbuilt Copacabana? The museum of the local opera house is dotted with reminders of its musical past—mementos of Carlos Gomes, whose overture to "Il Guarany" is still widely played, even if the opera isn't, of the late Heitor Villa-Lobos, of Bidú Sayão, whose diploma as gold-medal winner at the local conservatory is prominently displayed—but the government seems to have other things on its mind right now than large-scale support of the arts, especially music.

Something of changing times is reflected in the name of the compact, well-designed house itself, which came into being just about the time of the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires (1907-08). It was long known as the Teatro Municipal, but the creation of Brasilia as national capital in turn elevated Rio de Janeiro to statehood. It is now known as the Teatro do Rio de Janeiro, with 2,000 or so seats used alternately for orchestral concerts, recitals, stage plays, an occasional burst of opera (Mascagni's "Iris" impends.) For a community of 3,000,000-plus, that would seem hardly enough; but it was not taxed for any event in the week of my visit.

Paradoxes, however, are no respecter of places, and the odd one here is that Rio nevertheless has, in the Orquestra Sinfônica Brasileira, the best group of players heard in the South American capitals recently visited. In common with those, it has a well-trained, technically proficient string section (its dozen or so females are above the average elsewhere). But it also has capable woodwinds, strong trumpets and trombones, and good French horns. All the players work at other jobs during the ten-month season (March to December), for the privately supported orchestra pays little more than $50 a month, or a third of the amount required for subsistence. The good brass (noticeably darker in skin than most of the others) find their opportunities in radio, TV, and recording, and they have the sharp attack and technical assurance associated with high-quality popular performance.

For the moment, the Orquestra Sinfônica has no permanent conductor. Its last incumbent was Eleazar de Carvalho, who spent this winter in Tanglewood, where he came to prominence in the time of Serge Koussevitzky. But some purposeful policy must be at work to bring about the presence of so excellent a French horn player as Vienna-born Herbert Anton Dutter. This twenty-five-year-old virtuoso gave "Philharmoniker" service to the E flat (No. 4) horn concerto of Mozart at a Sunday morning "popular" concert open to the public without charge. Should he remain here any reasonable length of time as *primeira trompa solista* it should do much to enhance the already good standard of brass playing in Rio.

THE conductor for this concert (and the preceding "Nacional" program) was Roberto Schnorrenberg, born in nearby São Paulo thirty-one years ago, with studies in composition with Ernst Krenek, in conducting with Bernhard Paumgartner and Igor Markevitch (he has also been to Tanglewood) to his credit. Local opinion holds that the orchestra reached its best level this year under the direction of Howard Mitchell of Washington (a recent guest), but Schnorrenberg had them playing very well in Beethoven's Symphony No. 4 and "Comala," a Straussian tone poem of native-born Alexandre Levy, whose promising career ended in 1892 when he was twenty-eight.

The difference between "popular" and "Nacional," so far as this particular sequence of concerts was concerned, was the appearance at the latter of Brazilian pianist Homero Magalhães in the C major (No. 25) Concerto of Mozart. This was also "Entrada franca" (without charge) a *quid pro quo* for the subsidy by the Ministry of Education and Culture of 20,000,000 cruzeiros annually. Despite the imposing figure, it is really, in the words of a person closely associated with the orchestra, "nothing" (with the cruzeiro at 181 to the dollar, it totals around $10,000 a year. At the next in the "Série social" the conductor will be Felix Prohaska of Vienna. He will also have a native soloist, Arnaldo Estrella, who will play Rachmaninoff's "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini." The audience will be made up of subscribers, and tickets (if any are available) can be purchased only at the offices of the Orquestra Sinfônica. "Anyone who is interested is already a subscriber," it was explained.

SOMETHING of the same situation prevailed at a concert by the Orquestra d'Archi di Milano, which occupied the gold and red opera house the following night in a Monday series sponsored by the Associação Brasileira de Concertos e Pro Arte. No seats were offered for sale at the box office, and only a diligent search just before concert time disclosed a lady with some unused vouchers seated at a table well inside the ornate entrance of the theatre. For 480 cruzeiros (about $2.70) I was given occupancy of Poltrona M.1, to hear a program of Geminiani, Albinoni, Vivaldi, and Bonporti. The designation M.1 suggested an aisle seat, but it is local custom to number the seats from the middle of the row *outward,* so that M.1 and M.2 are juxtaposed dead center, with 4, 8, 10 to the right, 3, 5, 7, to the left.

The Italian tourists provided the well-dressed, appreciative attendance with admirable string playing under the direction of Michelangelo Abbado. Generally speaking, it is in the manner of such better-known groups as the "Virtuosi di Roma" or "I Musici," though it does not match the virtuosity, in nuance and dynamics, of the former, nor does it provide the added interest of skilled performance on the viola da gamba or the viola d'amore of the latter. But it would be rewarding to encounter in any circumstances the kind of performance of Geminiani's Concerto Grosso No. 12 (based on Corelli's "La Folia") they produced.

Plainly there are musical enthusiasts in Rio, with a year-round program and some governmental interest to assist them. But if midwinter brings a balmy evening in which strolling the streets is more inviting than going indoors to hear music, what must be the appeal at other times of the year? It is hardly surprising that in this particular community the eyes, rather than the ears, have it. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Forecast: 1960-61

SINCE 1959-60 was, on Broadway at least, a disappointing season, it seems safe to predict that the new season will be better. Although there is no word from Arthur Miller, who may be extending his number of consecutive playless seasons to the dangerous total of five, Tennessee Williams will be represented with at least one new play. Then, too, Arthur Laurents returns from his lucrative musical vacation with a new major effort. Continuing the TV-to-Broadway pattern that worked so well with "Visit to a Small Planet" and "The Miracle Worker" will be "Little Moon of Alban," derived from the almost universally praised TV production of recent years. And, happily, Jack Gelber, who gave us last season's best play, "The Connection," will be back in December with a second entry titled "The Apple." But the surest theatre event of the season will be the late Eugene O'Neill's "Hughie," which, though short, is his most perfect play.

Another great modern playwright, Jean Anouilh, will be represented by what many believe to be his best play, "Becket." And his bizarre and highly comic countryman, Eugene Ionesco, will certainly arouse controversy with "The Rhinoceros." Possibly even more significant will be the local reception of "The Hostage," "A Taste of Honey," and, later in the season, "Roots," all of which became London successes after scant acclaim from the critics.

The list of musicals may lack a Pulitzer Prize-winner, but it promises more than last year's roster. Most interesting will be the fate of "Irma, La Douce," with its great score, telling a simple fable of the triumph of innocence in the tawdry Parisian underworld.

Those interested only in smash hits will find, in the chart below, dollar signs after the titles of those productions which *Theatrical Investor* predicts will have a better than 60 per cent chance of paying off. The plays without dollar signs comprise a group of which less than 15 per cent are expected to pay off. Nevertheless, readers are herewith reminded that "Toys in the Attic," "A Raisin in the Sun," and "A Majority of One"—along with all of Off-Broadway—were once placed in the latter category, and that "The Sound of Music" and "Goodbye Charlie" were financial successes that helped provide the high average for the more profitable group. —HENRY HEWES.

Theatre Forecast for 1960

	TITLE AND AUTHOR	TENTATIVE CAST	OPENING
MUSICALS	H.M.S. PINAFORE, by Gilbert and Sullivan	Eric House	Wed., Sept. 7 Phoenix
	VINTAGE '60, revue by Jack Wilson and others ($)	Barbara Heller, Jack Albertson, Fay DeWitt	Mon., Sept. 12 Atkinson
	IRMA, LA DOUCE, by Alexandre Breffort and Marguerite Monnot ($)	Elizabeth Seal, Keith Mitchell, Frederick Gwynne	Plymouth Thurs. Sept. 29
	VALMOUTH, by Sandy Wilson	Bertice Reading, Gail Jones, Constance Carpenter	Tues., Oct. 4 York
	TENDERLOIN, by Jerome Weidman, George Abbott, Bock and Harwick ($)	Maurice Evans, Eileen Rogers	Mon., Oct. 17 *46th Street*
	THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN, by Richard Morris, Meredith Willson ($)	Tammy Lee Grimes, Harve Presnell, Mony Dalmes	Thurs., Nov. 3 Winter Garden
	CAMELOT, from T. H. White novel, by Alan Lerner, Frederick Loewe ($)	Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall	Sat., Nov. 19 Majestic
	WILDCAT, by N. Richard Nash, Cy Coleman, Carolyn Leigh ($)	Lucille Ball	Thur., Dec. 15 Alvin

(*Continued on page* 30)

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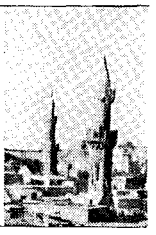

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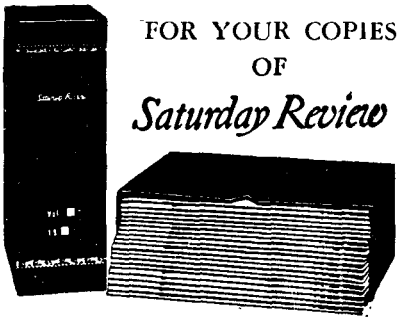

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	TITLE AND AUTHOR	TENTATIVE CAST	OPENING
FROM BOOKS	THE WORLD OF CARL SANDBURG, adapted by Norman Corwin	Bette Davis, Leif Erickson Henry Miller	Wed., Sept. 14
	THE IDIOT, from Dostoevsky novel, by Boris Tumarin, Jack Sydow	Kathleen Widdoes, Leonard Cimino, John Heldabrand	Sun., Sept. 25 Gate
	DRUMS UNDER THE WINDOWS, from O'Casey autobiography, by Paul Shyre	Staats Cotsworth	Tues., Oct. 4 Cherry Lane
	THE WALL, from John Hersey novel, by Millard Lampel ($)	Yvonne Mitchell, George C. Scott, Joseph Buloff	Tues., Oct. 11 Billy Rose
	FACE OF THE HERO, from Pierre Boulle novel, by Robert L. Joseph	Jack Lemmon, Albert Dekker, Ellen Holly	Thurs., Oct. 20 Eugene O'Neill
	LAURETTE, from Marguerite Courtney biography, by Stanley Young ($)	Judy Holliday, Patrick O'Neal	Thurs., Oct. 27 Martin Beck
	ADVISE AND CONSENT, from Allen Drury novel, by Loring Mandel ($)	Ralph Bellamy, Van Johnson, Hume Cronyn	Thur., Nov. 17 Cort
IMPORTS	THE HOSTAGE, by Brendan Behan	Alfred Lynch	Tues., Sept. 20 Cort
	A TASTE OF HONEY, by Shelagh Delaney	Joan Plowright, Angela Lansbury	Sat., Sept. 24 Belasco
	FAREWELL, FAREWELL, EUGENE, by John Vari	Mildred Dunnock, Margaret Rutherford	Tues., Sept. 27 Helen Hayes
	BECKET, by Jean Anouilh ($)	Laurence Olivier, Anthony Quinn	Wed., Oct. 5 St. James
	THE RHINOCEROS, by Eugene Ionesco	Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, Zero Mostel	Sat., Dec. 3 Longacre
NEW	MIDGIE PURVIS, by Mary Ellen Chase	Tallulah Bankhead	Wed., Oct. 12 Lyceum
	SWEET AND SOUR, by Caroline Francke and Florence Loewe	Menasha Skulnick, Betty Field, Gerald Hiken	Tues., Oct. 25 Ambassador
	INVITATION TO A MARCH, by Arthur Laurents ($)	Shelley Winters, Eileen Heckart, Jane Fonda	Wed., Oct. 26 Music Box
	PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT, by Tennessee Williams	James Daly, Nan Martin	Thur., Nov. 10 Helen Hayes
	TAFFY, by Anna Maria Barlow	Kim Stanley, Louis Gossett	Tues., Nov. 15 Theatre not yet determined.
	LITTLE MOON OF ALBAN, by James Costigan	Julie Harris, Richard Easton	Mon., Nov. 28 Longacre
	CRITIC'S CHOICE, by Ira Levin	Henry Fonda, Gena Rowland, Mildred Natwick	Wed., Dec. 14 Barrymore
ETC	MARCEL MARCEAU	Marcel Marceau and Company	Tues., Sept. 6 City Center
	AN EVENING WITH MIKE NICHOLS AND ELAINE MAY	Elaine May, Mike Nichols	Sat., Oct. 8 John Golden
	LAUGHS AND OTHER EVENTS	Stanley Holloway	Mon., Oct. 10 Barrymore

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Most Happy Cellar

I HAVE no idea what the official position of the Chevaliers du Tastevin, those ritualistic wine-lappers of France, may be toward the grape of California, and frankly I'm afraid to ask. After all, in the mother lodge in Burgundy, they put on flowing robes and ceremonial hats, light candles, and descend underground in preparation for the tasting. I suspect all of them have been laundering their palates for days. It's a cinch that any chevalier would flip his ceremonial lid if he were ever imported, as I was recently, to the environs of Saratoga, California, to view the cellars of the Paul Masson people, who have been in the wine business in the Santa Cruz Mountains since the 1870s. The winery, which resembles an exhibit left over from the Brussels Fair, was opened last year and, as I think of it, the sight of the spiraling outdoor staircases, the saucer roofs about to fly, the white-grill chairs in the tasting room, and the broad flanks of glass everywhere, might indeed have given the shakes to Paul himself, a hardy type who came from Burgundy and stayed long enough to live a fulsome life that included establishing a wine dynasty and giving Anna Held a champagne bath.

Wine is immortalized at Saratoga by a 153-foot mosaic pasted inside a functionless stairway that winds its coil under a protecting disc of a roof. The mosaic takes the story of the grape from Noah, resting under a bower, all the way to cotillions, weddings, birthdays, and baptisms, all of them ceremonies at which corks are popped. The cellars are aboveground at Masson's, and they could scarcely be more antiseptic if they were producing milk. There are no windows in the aboveground cellars, and the casks, some of them thirty feet high and holding 40,000 gallons, rest on concrete pads. Heaven help us, the place is even dustproof. Bottles are vibrated electrically, corked by pink and blue machines, and moved hither and yon by conveyor belts.

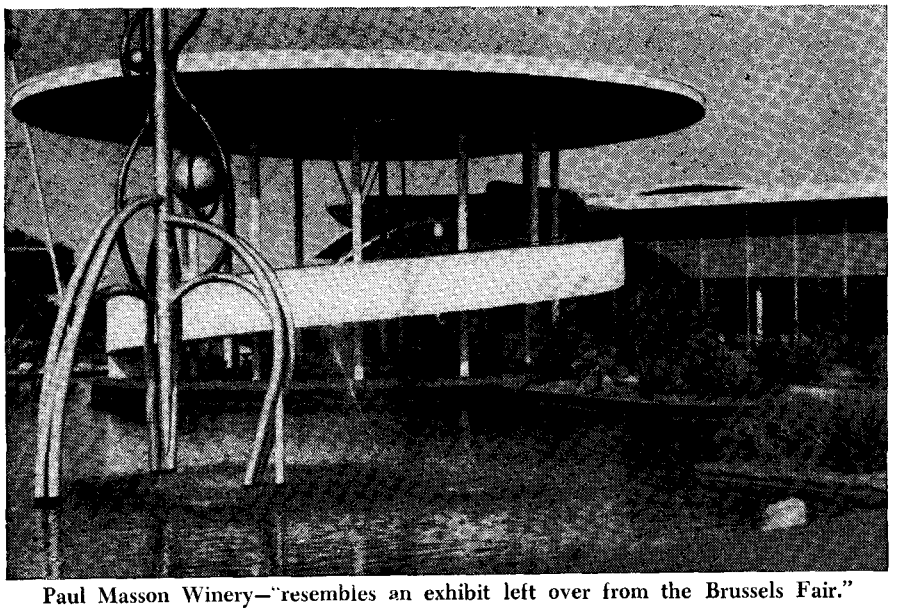
Tourists flow through the new winery at about 3,000 a month, most of them finishing the inspection with a rest stop in the tasting room. Twenty-two still wines and four sparkling wines can be tasted, although the wine-pourers realize, they say, that any visitor who tastes more than four or five hasn't come just for the tasting. Coffee is also served, and the company lunchroom contains a Coke machine since the drinking of wine by employees is not permitted on the premises. Anybody inspired by a sip or two can buy a bottle or a case right on the scene, Masson champagne being put up with pink candles and candle-holders, and sparkling Burgundy packaged with a pair of steak knives. Several times during the summer months the public is invited to journey up into Masson's mountains for sessions called "Music at the Vineyards." Artists perform while the grapes grow underfoot. Free champagne is served during the intermission and the view sweeps off into the Santa Cruz.

Any tourist abroad in California can, of course, make his own music in the vineyard merely by visiting the sampling rooms that almost all wine growers operate. Over 400,000 acres of real estate are currently growing grapes and some 270 wineries are at work, stretching from the mountains above San Francisco clear to the warm valleys of Southern California. Wine-making started so early in California that it is easy to come away with the notion that the early explorers planted vineyards before they planted the flag of Spain. Father Serra, who established the famed Spanish missions that are still strung along the California coast, is also credited with establishing the first vines in 1769, bringing them from Baja, California, to San Diego. A vineyard at San Juan Capistrano was producing so much wine by 1784 that there was enough left over after the celebration of Mass to serve some at the table. Ever since then, there has been a yearly vintage in California. By 1798 five southern missions were making wine, and shortly after the start of the new century it was flowing from four more. Culture of the grape as well as culture of the soul were among the successful missions of the missions.

Among the Europeans who came to California in the 1800s to begin the commercial production of wine, one of the most interesting was one Agoston Haraszthy, who first migrated to Wisconsin and founded a town that was named Haraszthy (only later was the name changed to Sauk City). Haraszthy eventually migrated westward, grew his first grapes in San Diego, and in 1857 moved into the Sonoma Valley, which, with the help of Jack London, was later made popular as the Valley of the Moon. On his new place, which he called Buena Vista, Haraszthy transplanted zinfandels, brought from Hungary, and built a white Pompeiian villa.

Today Haraszthy's Buena Vista, bought in 1943 by Frank Bartholomew of United Press International—it had lain fallow for forty years—is one of the most charming wine corners in all California. Visitors may tour the cellar in the mountain, a cave cut in the limestone rock by Chinese laborers, where the temperature stays an even fifty degrees. Candles flicker in the blackness and signs look down, saying, "Wine Is Bottled Poetry—Robert Louis Stevenson." Two Frenchmen, each named Pierre, oversee the vineyards and the winery, help to turn out Traminer, Riesling, Sylvaner, and Green Hungarian, a rare label produced from Haraszthy's original vines. Buena Vista still makes Zinfandel too. Says one Pierre, "It's an honest wine, not more."

Guests who come to Buena Vista are of course invited to take wine home with them—even pieces of Baccarat



Paul Masson Winery—"resembles an exhibit left over from the Brussels Fair."

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crystalware that are displayed for sale. Among the Bartholomews' own not-for-sale glass collection are pieces that belonged to Haraszthy and one goblet presented by Tessie Wall's celebrated San Francisco establishment of the 1890s to the city police department in appreciation of its protection. Visitors who come to Buena Vista can sip wine at little wooden tables set under the trees around a trickling fountain. But the Bartholomews will also pour for anyone who wishes to bring lunch. As long as they bring no beer or pop and are willing to drink the local product (not exactly a hardship), picnickers may spread lunch under the bay trees and the eucalyptus alongside a brook.

Wine-tasting under less sylvan circumstances is available all along the Napa Valley, scene of "The Most Happy Fella," where the vineyards come thick and fast and tasters can rocket back and forth across California Route 29 between such famous names as Beaulieu Vineyard, Louis Martini, Charles Krug, Beringer, and the Christian Brothers. More than 25,000 visitors a year crowd into Beaulieu's tiny tasting room, getting a sample before the tour. The Beaulieu people think visitors proffered free wine at the end of a tour are inclined to dally away a whole afternoon. Across the road from the tasting rooms and the wineries, the de Latour family, which founded the Beaulieu label, lives on a magnificent estate alongside their own champagne cellar.

Gray Line buses, whose tours out of San Francisco include a look at the vineyards, pause to refresh their sightseers along Route 29. Beringer Brothers, established in 1876, have their visitor headquarters in a Rhine castle which is something of a sentimental memorial to Beringer, *père*, who grew wines in the Rhineland. So many visitors pour through the building on weekends that an automatic soda pop machine has been set up on the porch to comfort kids and teetotalers. Beringer, which has never been closed since 1876, made sacramental and medicinal wines during Prohibition. Its pious neighbors are the Christian Brothers, a European order founded in 1680 to aid indigent children. In pursuit of this purpose the Christian Brothers have built themselves what is said to be the largest stone winery in the world. From it flows sacramental wine, champagne, and sparkling Burgundy. Wine-tasting is made easy by the Wine Institute (717 Market Street, San Francisco), which publishes a handbook to the lushes' tour of the West entitled "Wine Wonderland." Anybody paying a social call at the 104 wineries listed therein as offering samples to the public will be a most happy fella. —HORACE SUTTON.

Tourism a la Russe

IN JULY a visiting official of Intourist, the official tourist agency of the Soviet Union, who had come to the United States for the declared purpose of conducting a party of Russian tourists around this country, paused long enough in Manhattan to hold a press conference. To the invited audience, which included representatives of the travel trade press, travel writers for consumer newspapers and magazines, and regular assignment reporters for wire services, newspapers, and radio stations, the Soviet emissary declared that few Americans had cancelled their planned trips to Russia this summer. In spite of the political deterioration between our countries, two-way tourism, the Soviet travel official said, seemed to be unaffected. He hoped Americans would continue to come. He said Americans and other Western tourists were invited to choose from a list of over sixty cities now open in the Soviet Union. He deplored the fact that American Express, which is handling the tours of Russians who visit the United States, offers plans for only six cities on their standard tours.

The implication was clear. We were allegedly holding back, whereas the Soviet Union was, so to speak, wide open. This allegation brought a call for a clarification. Much to the astonishment of the travel press, general assignment reporters seemed totally unfamiliar with the State Department's restrictions on travel by Soviet citizens in the United States. Nor were they informed of the fact that State's policy was a reciprocal move undertaken as a direct result of restrictions on travel inside the Soviet Union imposed by the Kremlin. They found it almost unbelievable that State's restrictions prohibit Soviet tourists from visiting such American dells as Brooklyn and San Francisco.

As interesting as the meeting was, spotlighting as it did the deplorable gaps in the knowledge of the American press of State Department regulations, and the nimbleness of Soviet emissaries to press a propaganda advantage, the events of the days that followed were shocking indeed. A few days after this plea from an official of the Soviet Government tourist agency for continued and increased tourism between our countries, the newspaper *Soviet Russia* printed an article warning Russians not to associate with Western tourists lest they turn out to be spies. Especially it took to task Russians who seek out tourists to buy chewing gum and what it called "Western slippers and dirty jackets." Russians must be prevented from indulging in such fraternization or "we can make them work so that the dirt of foreign rags will come off on their hands."

As the Soviet Union sought to fan public indignation in preparation for the trial of Francis Powers, an American student was expelled from Moscow University for alleged spying, and then, in an ultimate display of cynicism, a young American tourist was arrested in the National Hotel, that haven of foreign tourism, for making notes and taking pictures which, as the Russians say, were hidden in a special belt.

In the experience of this observer (who has made three excursions in the Soviet Union), the Soviet gum-fanciers were such sinister deviationists as polite and scrubbed little boys who scrupulously traded Russian pins and emblems for every stick of gum they accepted. I have taken hundreds of pictures in the Soviet Union, from Leningrad to Central Asia. I have taken books of notes for use in the preparation of articles that have appeared in these pages, and no Russian ever glanced at me with suspicion. Since the sensitive areas of the Soviet Union are off-limits to foreign tourists anyway, it is a ludicrous pose to arrest and deport a tourist for taking pictures and notes in Moscow.

In the final debasement of what had started out as a promising avenue of understanding, the Kremlin has now lodged a protest against our use of tourism for spying. If Intourist continues to sound the welcome call to Americans while a second Soviet voice is warning its citizens to steer clear of tourists, then the cynical motive of Intourist becomes clear: The Russians want American tourists in Russia because they need American dollars to finance Soviet operations in the United States, diplomatic or adventurous. Perhaps it was too much to hope that the self-ordained promoters of peace really had peace in mind when they launched their energetic program of tourism a few years ago, heralding it as a means of encouraging understanding between two peoples.

—H.S.

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TV AND RADIO

Men in Iron Cages

TELEVISION films carrying the made-in-Hollywood label will fill nearly eight out of every ten hours of prime network time during the coming TV season. One learns (without surprise) from an article in *Television Magazine*, a trade monthly, that all these films will be fashioned for a mass market that is assumed to be looking primarily for escape and relaxation in its television entertainment. Ten top program executives, interviewed at major TV film studios, were in agreement on this assumption, according to the article "The Hollywood Viewpoint."

Although critical thrusts from certain quarters of the public have left impressions on station and network schedules. the West Coast TV film-makers have apparently remained unmoved. "We only respond to the public's desires," one Hollywood executive said. "If we ignore those desires, we ignore them at our peril. And we're not in the business of living dangerously." In a vigorous repudiation of major newspaper critics (and, incidentally, a discounting of their influence), the Hollywood executives rejected the point of view that popular entertainment should be rooted in the realities of our time.

One executive, the vice president of a leading independent film packager, asserted that for the volume of Hollywood's TV film shows, "the quality is remarkably high." Another declared that only the action-adventure formula of the Western and the mystery has succeeded in television; all other forms, including musicals, variety, and comedy, have failed. "The Western," said a third executive, "is a classic . . . a simple folk drama . . . with dramatic validity without tricky, synthetic situations."

But the surface impression of pride and satisfaction in their handiwork is revealingly pin-pricked by some sharp, within-the-family criticism. "The dismal imitativeness of the Hollywood product" is one TV film producer's complaint. Another charges his colleagues with the substitution of violence for genuine excitement. The self-examination also reveals that these executives feel a need for new forms, a lack of creative talent. They say executive producers spread themselves too thin, diluting their control over the quality of their product. Situation comedy writers are "so greedy they are becoming hacks who take too much work, delay turning in their scripts . . . do their work carelessly . . . and try to skip the necessary rewriting." The sponsor who insists on "playing it safe" is criticized for copy-cat buying; the networks are accused of not "sufficiently encouraging the new and different, the experimental, the off-beat." Rising costs, one packager complains, prevent training of new talent. "This is an empirical business," he says. "You must know exactly what directors and writers can do before you buy them."

Capital gains, in the end, is indicted as the real villain. Since TV film-producers can't keep what they make, the argument runs, they look for a nest egg, dream of residuals, have less creative integrity and don't give their best.

Curiously, the self-judgments rendered by these executives are remarkably similar to the judgments of the critics whom they reject as no guides for improvement. Though the premises may be different, the conclusions are not, and it seems clear that somebody's syllogism has slipped somewhere. If costs show no sign of decreasing nor tax rates of abating; if producers, directors, and actors "give less than their best"; if sponsors still go for "the 40 rating"; in brief, if the complex of factors producing the ills of which executives complain remains rigid, there is little hope that these men will, next season or the one after that, be able to escape the bonds of the capital-gains dilemma.

But their chains are of their own making. They pride themselves on being free-wheelers in a world of fantasy. Actually, though, they are as rigid as men in iron cages. The escapist's world is an inflexible world. The industry or individual or institution that resists change often breaks apart suddenly when its myopia is paid for by obsolescence. Reality, on the other hand, the tougher world from which our mass audiences presumably are in flight at the end of each day, is dynamic. Organisms usually grow stronger by challenging and overcoming their problems instead of meekly accepting them. So long as eight out of every ten prime-time programs are founded on the fantasy and rigidity of escapism, the men who produce them will suffer (however comfortably) the inevitable dissatisfactions—which are shared in turn by the audiences who, in dubious euphoria, watch them.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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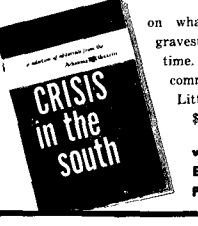

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Editorial

Continued from page 26

—thus doing away with the arbitrary challenges that have been so much of a problem in a few of our Southern states.)

A young U. S. Senator, who is a good friend of mine and who was making his first important speech at a national convention, asked me if I had any words of wisdom to give him before the speech. My reply sounded as though I had become as cynical as any of the delegates, but I submit that there are few practised politicians who would disagree with it. It ran something like this: "Just remember at all times that there are television cameras on all sides of you and a good many thoughtful Americans will be watching you. If you find it possible to forget totally the immediate audience, by all means do so. Try to keep in mind that one-fourth of the delegates won't be there at any single session, that one-third of them will be in the aisles talking to each other, that a certain part of them will be asleep because they were up too late the night before, and the majority of those few who are left will be ready to applaud anything you say which either praises the Democratic Party or attacks the Republicans—*so don't worry about the audience in front of you.*"

The Republican convention in Chicago presented a different picture this year from what it often does, and certainly a different picture from that presented by the Democratic convention. To begin with, all the delegates came there knowing that Vice President Nixon had in his pocket more than enough votes to be nominated. And most of them knew that he had taken the position that he didn't want a ticket "balanced" between his own liberal views and those of the most conservative members of his party, or "balanced" by religion or geography or anything else—he wanted a man who shared his principles and who would, at least in Mr. Nixon's judgment, make a good successor to him if fate so decreed. Consequently, while there were minor skirmishes over the selection of a Vice Presidential nominee, there was no real excitement.

Such arguments as there were about his choice of Henry Cabot Lodge as a running mate came from Midwestern Governors, who used only *one* argument: "He may be the very best man possible, considering the state of world affairs in the next four years, but he won't win us any *farm* votes."

I don't profess to know the answer, but in searching for one I don't think we ought to be bound by inhibitions or traditions. Maybe the conventions should be replaced by a national primary. Maybe they should be conducted secretly. Maybe the unit rule should be outlawed. Maybe there is a still better answer.

Whatever the solution, we are faced with a brutal fact. Conventions today are held for the purpose of having certain delegates convince certain others that because of the mythical Negro vote or Jewish vote or Catholic vote or Farm Belt vote or Union Labor vote or whatever, their man, while admittedly inferior in stature and judgment, is the surest bet to put their party in power.

—Elmo Roper.

Prescience

By Marion Strobel

THE personnel, attendant on a case,
in season, like forsythia that blooms
outside the clinic, illuminates the rooms,
a quickening smile upon a wasted face.

The tranquil terminal case, the conscious one,
surrounds her daydreams of a wishing well
with this resurgence of a personnel,
this unexpected grace, this indoor sun.

Until across the stricture of her bed
voices that woke her from a troubled sleep
add melody to any migrant cheep.
Reality becomes a book she's read:

sharp shadows with the cornices unite
and groined like girders intermittently
become a bridge that spans an open sea.
She underpasses to ascending light.

Chess Corner—No. 39

CHESS brilliancies and curiosities are of a similar lot. Their themes embrace the unusual, such as the "King hunt," shanghaiing the monarch from one end of the board to the other with mate in view, or some subtley like underpromotion or a pretty and unexpected sacrifice. What is amazing about the following game is the rationale of the defense. Black, it appears, has solved all his problems and is about to take the initiative. Out of nowhere, however, comes a "sleeper" which changes the complexion of things.

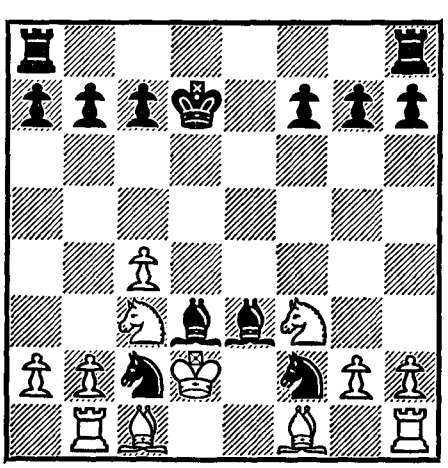
QUEEN'S PAWN GAME

	D. Janowski		F. Saemisch	
	White		Black	
1	P-Q4	N-KB3	11 P-KR4	P-KR3
2	N-KB3	P-K3	12 Q-Q2	N-KN5
3	B-N5	P-B4	13 B-B4	P-Q3
4	P-K3	N-B3	14 N-K3	NxN
5	QN-Q2	P-QN3	15 QxN	P-KR4
6	P-B3	B-N2	16 R-R3	P-K4
7	B-Q3	PxP	17 PxP	NxP
8	KPxP	B-K2	18 NxN	PxN
9	N-B4	O-O	19 BxP	B-Q3
10	Q-K2	Q-B2	20 Q-R6!!	Resigns

There is hardly anything brilliant about the following game. And White's play is decidedly inferior. The final mating net, however, is a picture of pure symmetry.

ALBIN COUNTER GAME

	Dodge		Houghteling	
	White		Black	
1	P-Q4	P-Q4	9 QxQch	KxQ
2	P-QB4	P-K4	10 P-K4	PxKP
3	P-K3	PxQP	11 PxP	NxKP
4	QxP	N-KB3	12 R-N1	N-B7ch
5	N-QB3	N-B3	13 K-Q1	N-B7ch
6	Q-Q1	B-KB4	14 K-K2	B-B4
7	P-B3	N-QN5	15 N-B3	B-Q6ch
8	Q-R4ch	Q-Q2	16 K-Q2	B-K6 mate



—Al Horowitz.

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Strategy for Schools

Continued from page 15

tional attainment. This "truth" has been repeatedly disproven. Tests have shown over and over that age and years spent in school are no measure of a student's academic attainment; that the best students in one college are no better than the poorest in another. In fact, high school seniors in some secondary schools are better educated than some of our college graduates. We may add that graduate students at some of our universities, who were admitted because they held a bachelor's degree from a so-called accredited college, would not be admitted as freshmen in the same university they are attending as graduate students, if they were required to pass the entrance examinations. To say a person is a college graduate is, under these conditions, quite meaningless. A degree confers no special competence.

In like fashion we cling to the assumption that a number of years spent in school, plus a few professional courses, are all that is required to prepare a teacher for the public schools. Such a record may satisfy a state's certification standards, but it is ridiculous to assume that it in any way guarantees high quality of teaching. Almost uniformly across the country, students complain of the elaboration of the obvious in education courses. That is natural. Teaching is unlike any other profession in that everyone who goes into it has already spent approximately seventeen years in close contact with the profession. Assume, for instance, that a child from the age of five were studying continuously with a doctor the way he does with a teacher. We would consider it utterly absurd to think he had learned nothing of the practice of medicine. Would it not be less wasteful of human energy to determine first what it is that a teacher has to know and then find out whether he already knows it, before insisting that he study it over again?

The whole educational process, moreover, would become more meaningful if each state would establish a system of comprehensive examinations to determine the actual achievement of students. On other occasions, when confronted with a really critical situation, we have resorted to the wholesale use of examinations to determine the most effective use of our human resources, so why not now? During World War II, and even earlier, we used examinations to great advantage in the armed forces to place trainees in schools, colleges, and jobs. Furthermore, we are not in the least reluctant to give comprehensive examinations for admission to college. The College Entrance Board examinations are now administered in more than 400 colleges and universities. Even some of our state universities have found it expedient to use such examinations as a basis for admission. The University of California recently instituted such a system. If examinations are important and worth while as a basis for admission, could they not also be effective for college graduation and at other points in the school system?

Of course, not all desirable human characteristics can be tested; other types of judgments must be made. But tests are available and can be constructed for most academic skills and subjects; examinations have been improved considerably in recent years, even to the point of requiring written exercises instead of simply depending on yes-and-no answers. We could at least find out, for example, how many of the students who are attempting to pursue a college education have only eighth-grade competence in reading writing, and arithmetic.

SIMILARLY, our present method of certifying teachers could be replaced by a system of examinations. Instead of depending upon accumulated course credits, would it not be reasonable to expect that a person going out to teach others history, mathematics, English, or any other subject should be able to pass a comprehensive examination in that subject before he undertakes his duties as a teacher? In this way it would perhaps be possible for a truly educated person to become a teacher even though the ledger of his academic credits did not balance with an arbitrarily fixed requirement. A college teacher might conceivably teach in high school now and then if he were not required to go back to school to accumulate "education" credits. Is there such a sharp dividing line between teaching seventeen-year-olds in high school and eighteen-year-olds in college that it justifies completely different systems of preparation and certification? This is certainly a matter for reappraisal.

Moreover, the increased use of achievement and placement tests makes it essential to sharpen our concept of what an education should add up to. And this brings us to a third important area of reappraisal: the total curriculum. In attempting to adapt the curriculum to everybody, either by aiming for the average student and stifling the exceptional, or by offering such a wide diversity of courses that anyone may select an array of disjointed segments, we have fabricated a mosaic without pattern, a program that is indefinable.

In this area there are several promising experiments. Some of them were prompted by a special concern for the gifted or talented child. Portland,

"You're afraid of the principal, the principal is afraid of the superintendent, the superintendent is afraid of the school board, the school board is afraid of the voters. I'm not afraid of anybody!"

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Oregon, now has the unusual distinction of devoting as much time, attention, and, hopefully in the near future, money to the education of the talented child as it devotes to the education of the handicapped. This concern has caused a general reorganization of the Portland school curriculum. In Texas, the San Angelo schools have experimented with a "three-rail" curriculum, and Ossining and Long Beach, New York, have tried a "Dual-Progress" plan; both experiments are attempts to give pupils the opportunity to progress in each subject at their own rate.

At the higher level, two major adjustments have been made to eliminate duplication of learning and make it possible for the bright student to advance more quickly. One is early admission to college. This innovation began nearly ten years ago in twelve colleges and has now been extended to many more on the basis of satisfactory results. The other is admission with advanced standing, and it too, has proved effective and has spread rapidly. Both of these methods tend to reduce boredom and wasteful human activity and, concurrently, to establish more economical and efficient procedures.

THE curriculum furthermore needs to be studied to reduce the alarming scattering of courses. This requires clearer and more precise goals for schools and colleges. Over the years, some institutions have taken on functions that had better be left with such agencies as the Girl and Boy Scouts, the home, and the church. There are colleges, indeed, that offer courses for credit in Practice in Home Making; Pleasure-Horse Appreciation and Use; Walking, Standing, Sitting and Lying; Mushroom Identification; and some even offer postgraduate credit for Clothing Construction and Healthful Living for Teachers. If we are really serious about better education, the least we can do is eliminate the obvious absurdities.

It is no longer necessary for every school to try to offer everything. Instead, the very best can be given to a far greater number of students than ever before. Our great natural resources in museums of history and art can serve as rich educational laboratories for all children. Think of the opportunities for learning geology, botany, and biology that our national parks offer. With television these resources could be made available to school children throughout the country and not, as previously, only to the privileged few who can visit them.

Finally, we come to the problem of the teacher and his professional life. We all know that teachers are underpaid and often overworked. Successful demonstrations of merit salary scales —which reward the teacher according to the kind and quality of services performed—should lead to a reassessment of the usual system of automatic increases, according to years of experience and degrees earned. In order to make the career of a teacher more interesting and profitable, the subject of his rewards—in the economic as well as professional sense—demands an urgent reappraisal.

My main concern in drawing attention to the multitude of problems, however, is to suggest the enormous task a State Commission on Educational Development could perform, if it concerned itself with the many critical issues that are presently confronting the American educational system, and if it made improvements of that system its special business. But before time, attention, and money will be well spent and directed, there must be that questioning process, that critical examination of the so-called unalterable truths, the shibboleths, the assumptions on which so much of our present system is based.

The total effort in education must be concerned with the intelligent utilization of our teachers and any new means of communication that may stimulate and facilitate learning. We have ample resources—human, natural and financial—to effect vast improvement in our educational program and to make its progress commensurate with other aspects of our society. The State Commission I suggest would be charged with mobilizing these resources and directing them more effectively year by year. In this fast-moving world, our present set-up in education is inadequate. Antiquated techniques, antiquated customs and concepts have frozen and have acquired a sanctity much beyond their merit. They must be desanctified, unfrozen, re-examined, revitalized. We must encourage a creative, restless, and positive concern for improving the quality of education so that each individual in this democratic society can become all that he is capable of being. Only in this manner can we hope to attain that vision and that ideal on which this nation was founded.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 2, 11, 12, 5, 3 or 6, 6 or 3, 10, 7 or 8, 8 or 7, 1, 4, 9. Column Three should read: 10, 7, 6, 9, 5, 11, 2, 4, 12, 3, 8, 1. Real names: Asheville, Tulare, Jackson, Pottsville, Sauk Center, Oxford, Cortland, New York, Richmond, Hannibal, Lewistown, Gardiner.

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(Continued on page 38)

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(Continued from page 37)

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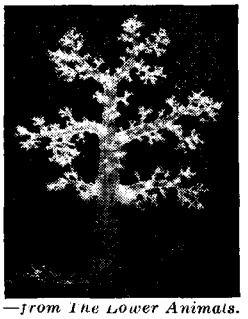

—from The Lower Animals.

SR/Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • Personality Portrait LIV • Science in Books • The Research Frontier

ARTICLE: When Africans Go to Town

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

- *SYMPHONY OF SCIENCE*
- *MORE ON DRUGS*
- *THE GENES OF HISTORY*

THE photograph at our masthead this month of September 1960 is intended as a reminder that beauty is everywhere and always. Even in the sea, where only fish could be expected to wonder at it, its inexplicable and unpredictable fragility appears. This lovely tree of what seems to be transparent glass is a deepwater soft coral, one of the *alcyonaceans* that grow in the deeper waters of the Indo-Pacific Ocean. Technically classified as a *lower* animal, it has no backbone and is therefore included in a new Chanticler Press book about the living invertebrates of the Earth.

Expensive ($12.50 a copy) to cover the cost of its handsomeness, the volume is being distributed by Doubleday with the help of a jacket blurb that tells more than most jacket blurbs do about the work within them. The authors are two pairs of husbands and wives—Ralph and Mildred Buchsbaum of the University of Pittsburgh, and Lorus and Margery Milne, of the University of New Hampshire—and their subject is "the life of land and water, the creatures of beachdrift, tidal pool and open sea, and the organisms in living tissue."

• • •

SEVERAL questions have been raised about last month's essay on the seventeenth century witchcraft trial of Katharina Kepler, mother of Johannes Kepler, the great German mathematician who first discovered how the solar system works. One of these is from a New England lady who asks if we were right in saying that Rudolph Thiel wrote a book called "Let There Be Light." No, we weren't right. The correct title is "And There Was Light," just as the lady supposed. But the lady in Philadelphia who thought we didn't know about Arthur Koestler's book, "The Sleepwalkers," was wrong. Koestler used some of the same source material on Kepler's life that we did—Max Caspar's exhaustive biography — and reached different conclusions from our's.

The question that really takes us by surprise is raised on behalf of the Cleveland (Ohio) Orchestra, which, as readers of Irving Kolodin well know, is conducted by George Szell. The symphony's director of publications, Klaus G. Roy, writes:

Congratulations on the fascinating and brilliantly written article on Johann Kepler and space travel (SR, Aug. 6). Just one minor cavil: in mentioning recent studies of Kepler's life and work, Mr. Lear might have included Paul Hindemith's opera, 'The Harmony of the Universe,' first performed in Munich on August 11, 1957. Whether this opera (to the composer's own libretto) provides a 'consistent narrative' or not, it does deal with many of the astronomer's experiences, including the rescue of his mother from the witchcraft trial. The three-movement symphony drawn from the opera was first performed as early as 1952, in Basle, and is recorded on Decca DL 9765, with the composer conducting the Berlin Philharmonic."

THE very first issue of SR/Research in March 1956, drew attention to the expanding importance of science as a force in global politics. Repeatedly since then we have argued that the social sciences must be accepted as implements of the foreign policy of any enlightened democracy. The recent history of the Congo provides vivid documentation for our case, and it is with some sense of urgency that we publish Dr. H. Jack Geiger's first-hand report on Africa's "Waking Sickness," beginning on page 43.

To become a meaningful element in foreign policy, science need not be a bizarre graft on the body politic. There are ways in which it might instead be made a natural extension of our domestic life. Africa is not after all so utterly far away from the United States. The newly urbanized citizen is one of the most critical problems of our own country. Several universities have begun to train specialists to help him through the crisis and one university—Purdue—has actually opened an operating unit in East Chicago, Indiana, to prepare slum dwellers there for a better life in modern new homes.

East Chicago lies at the bottom of Lake Michigan, locked in on all sides by other towns. It is the home of thousands of workers in the mills of the Inland Steel Company and Youngstown Sheet and Tube. In recent years those two corporations have looked about for means of improving living conditions in order to attract the increasingly high intelligence required for modern steelmaking. Finally they and other companies sharing the East Chicago problem joined with Purdue to establish the Purdue-Calumet Development Foundation.

Purdue-Calumet has established relationships with the government of East Chicago, created a municipal planning entity, and obtained Federal housing loans to reconstruct one whole third of the houses in the community. The poorer classes of many nationalities and races have to be moved in the process. Paradoxically, the practi-

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cal sort of education they need is now available at only one place: the American farm. An agricultural extension worker, hired to teach the simple amenities of life to East Chicago's displaced city dwellers, has since moved on to teach the same simple principles in Turkey. Undoubtedly her successors at Purdue will have ideas not too strange to the Congo or elsewhere in the sub-Saharan region of the African continent.

• • •

THREE months ago we described the gauntlet we have had to run in pursuit of abuses in the marketing of drugs in America. Among other things we told how the journal *Northwest Medicine* first accused us of irresponsibility and then implied that we are Communists. We identified *Northwest Medicine* in the same terms the journal used on its masthead to identify itself at the time of its attacks—as official organ of the medical societies of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Alaska. Since then we have received the following letter from Dr. Robert B. Wilkins, secretary-treasurer of the Alaska State Medical Association:

"Since Alaska is still in the nineteenth century insofar as the delivery of all mail except first class is concerned, your article entitled 'Public Health at 7½ Per Cent' in the June 4th issue of the *Saturday Review* has just come to my attention.

"May I call to your attention an error in an otherwise fine article? In February 1959 the journal *Northwest Medicine* ceased to be the official organ of the Alaska State Medical Association, and was replaced by a new journal, *Alaska Medicine*. The Alaska State Medical Association (before Statehood known as the Alaska Territorial Medical Association) never had representation on the board of trustees of *Northwest Medicine* and never had any influence on the editorial policy of this journal.

"Although the Alaska State Medical Association has taken no official action on the current controversy in the drug industry, I know that many of our members have read your articles with admiration. I know of none of our members who espouses the stand taken by *Northwest Medicine* in its editorials.

"I am sure that our members would like to have these facts called to the attention of your readers."

We hereby acknowledge the independence of the new journal, *Alaska Medicine*, and, if we may do so without committing effrontery, we invite this voice of the physician to express itself on an issue discussed in an editorial in the August 11 issue of *The New England Journal of Medicine*.

"The possibility exists," *The New England Journal* declared, "that a great deal of good for the public, the practicing wing of the medical profession and the vitally necessary if overhuge pharmaceutical industry itself can result if the Food and Drug Administration, an apparently neglected agency of the government, can be strengthened and upheld. This agency, which should hold the key to the situation, has been largely bypassed by a hitherto indifferent Congress, bent on pouring millions upon millions of dollars into medical research, but unreasonably deaf to any pleas for a decent regulation of some of the results of that burgeoning business.

"Not only has FDA been crippled by lack of funds to hire personnel sufficient to do the job of investigating 1200-odd manufacturers of pharmaceutical products, but so far it has not even been granted authority to mind its particular share of the people's business in an adequate manner."

The drug manufacturers spent large sums of money in the Tennessee primary election this summer to try to remove Estes Kefauver from the U. S. Senate and thus end his investigations of their activities. The effort backfired. Senator Kefauver was renominated by the biggest majority in his political history. The Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly which he chairs will resume its hearings on September 7, with antibiotics on the agenda. We can expect to hear more about Dr. Henry Welch and the quarter million dollars he received from journals financially dependent on the drugmakers at the same time that the American people were paying him to judge antibiotics.

• • •

A NEW theory of history has just come to light. The work of an anatomist, Yeshiva University's Dr. Max Hamburgh, it holds that the story of man can be traced down through the ages with the intellectual tools of the science of genetics.

"Why should historians, in their efforts to interpret the rise and fall of civilizations, not have recourse to the ideas and models provided by a science, like biology, which is faced with the apparently analogous task of explaining the progressive change of forms which life has undergone on this planet?" the author of this theory asks in prelude to delineation of his ideas in the *American Institute of Biological Studies Bulletin* for June, 1960. The rhetorical nature of the question becomes immediately apparent with Dr. Hamburgh's observation that Spengler and Toynbee already have modelled their divergent interpretations of the human adventure on phenomena of organic life. What remains to be done is to modernize the analogy—to bring it into line with the latest scientific discoveries. Toynbee, with his statement that civilizations die from overspecialization, is comparable to Darwin. Darwin described the evolution of species without explaining it. Toynbee has done the same regarding evolution of civilization. Genetics explained what Darwin saw and had the courage to express in words. Toynbee's masterwork can be documented and modified in similar fashion if Dr. Hamburgh's thesis is sound.

The heart of the matter is that nature does not direct genetic change toward desired goals, as men direct the breeding of animals and plants. Natural mutations occur continuously, accidentally, in all sorts of directions. Whereas dutiful children are supposedly seen but not heard, mutated or "young" genes are rarely even seen. Genes come in pairs and the unchanged one of the pair usually dominates the situation. Only when two mutations meet by chance does the change latent in both overtly appear. There is a steady selection of the "fittest" genes. However, fitness *per se* is a myth. Fitness is in a constant state of redefinition. All the definitions are written by the environment. Therefore, the greater the diversity of genes in the common pool of life, the larger the number of different possible environments life could survive.

As a cogent example of the genetic process in action, Dr. Hamburgh chooses a species familiar to his laboratory at Yeshiva's Albert Einstein College of Medicine: the bacterium *Eshcerichia coli*, which inhabits the human intestine. Most individuals of this species cannot survive an environment dominated by the molds penicillium or streptomyces. Among these individuals, however, are a few freaks to whom penicillium or streptomyces are harmless co-inhabitants. Having no competition for living space from other bacteria, these aberrants multiply freely and ultimately take over.

Mutant genes do not show in the bare bones that make up the fossil record in the Earth's surface rocks. Or, if they do show, science does not yet know enough to be able to detect the signs of their presence. Nevertheless, paleontologists assume that long sequences of small and subtle variants must have preceded the sudden transformations in species whose remains are distinguishable to the eye. In other words, a multitude of freaks is required to shape one enduring fossil.

"Existence of . . . non-conforming minorities with the framework of any existing (and past) society is surely not a new discovery," Dr. Hamburgh points out. The originality of his theory of history lies in its awareness that "per-

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haps each society must harbour in its midst its own contingent of 'mutants' or 'irregulars' called respectively . . . misfits, deviants, radicals" in order to seize upon environmental changes not only to survive but to prosper.

When Jesus said "many are called but few are chosen," he was consciously or unconsciously speaking the language of cultural genetics. It was perhaps to his disciples—they were, to their conventional contemporaries, Dr. Hamburgh observes, a "strange collection of misfits, cranks, visionaries, impracticable idealists and dreamers"—that he addressed the words: "Thou art the salt of the earth and the leaven that makes the dough." In any case, such a statement would have been genetically valid. For "the great and lonely figures which lead into the future" are macromutations made meaningful by "the micro-mutable material surrounding them."

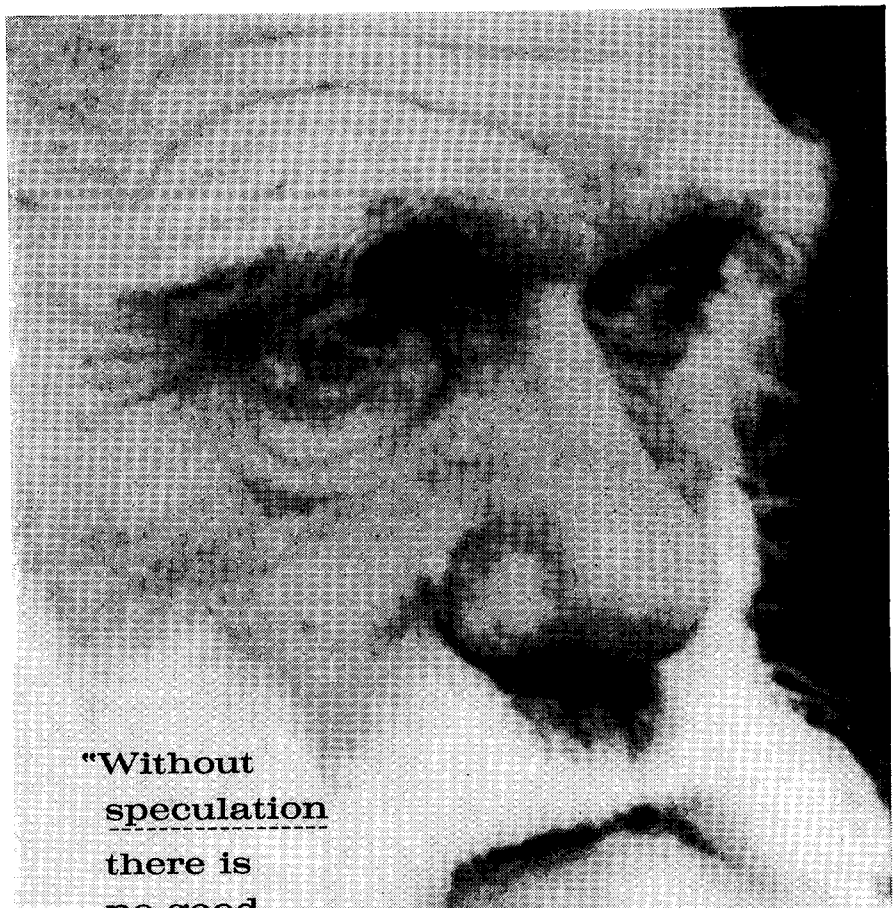
Why, of all the prospective messiahs who popped up in the Near East during the long decline of the Roman Empire, was Jesus the one to succeed? The environmental decision in his favour may have been made, Dr. Hamburgh suggests, by the convenience of the Roman road system to the particular wanderings of Jesus and his initial followers.

Since the original format of Christianity called for communal living, why was it not a Christian people but a Russian atheistic regime which first adopted collective ownership of property successfully? The author of the new genetic theory of history leaves the answer to that one to the historians.

The seashell *Lingula* is still amazingly like what it was 400 million years ago. An oyster of 200 million years ago would look very much like its modern progeny on a restaurant plate. The opossum has not changed since Cretacious times. So man need not be discouraged about his future if he is willing to adopt the scientific principle of keeping his mind always open to the unexpected.

"The liberal mind may take some comfort from the historical lesson that demands of absolute obedience and conformity repeatedly made by society upon its members in time of trouble and crisis have rarely if ever succeeded in overcoming the difficulties for the sake of which they were invoked," Dr. Hamburgh declares. "Imperial absolutism, the Inquisition, the police state or Fascist dictatorship" all succumbed in the end. "Democracy as a form of government most likely to maximize change through multiple representation" is "one of the most potent if not indispensable social tools" for human survival."

—John Lear,
Science Editor



"Without speculation there is no good and original observation"

—*Charles Darwin, naturalist*

Man's search for scientific knowledge and understanding has its taproots in the above thought expressed by Darwin in a letter to his distinguished contemporary, Alfred Russel Wallace, in 1857.

Speculation—intuitive contemplation guided by past discoveries—led Darwin to his famous observations set forth in *Origin of Species*. Similarly, it led Alexander Graham Bell to the invention of the telephone—and has since led to dozens of major advances in the field of electrical communications.

At Bell Telephone Laboratories, the puzzling flow of current in semiconductors provoked speculation which yielded the transistor—and a Nobel Prize. Speculation about the behavior of the electron led to experimental proof of its wave nature—and another Nobel Prize. "Brains" capable of guiding missiles and space probes first took form in the bold speculations of Bell Laboratories scientists.

Today, Bell Laboratories scientists and engineers are more keenly aware than ever of the importance of speculative thinking. The far-reaching scientific and technological developments of tomorrow are already the subject of advanced research. Among them are radically new materials and devices—basically new switching systems, transmission via satellites, and waveguide networks able to carry hundreds of thousands of voices simultaneously.

Through informed speculation about Nature's laws, Bell Laboratories will continue to search for the "good and original observations" which are so vital to the ever-improving Bell Telephone System.

BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES

WORLD CENTER OF COMMUNICATIONS RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

TIME FOR A CHANGE?

I WOULD LIKE to congratulate John Lear for his superior reporting of the recent drug hearings before Senator Kefauver's subcommittee on Anti-trust and Monopoly. No other account I have read so well illuminates the essential facts of the case against those two traditional public bugaboos, the Venal Official and the Greedy Private Interest. No question about it—the violations of public trust by both F&DA officials and the drug industry demonstrate the need for a much improved Food and Drug Act if sick people and the physicians who serve them are to enjoy any real protection from unscrupulous marketing practices. But no legislation will take the place of honesty in the men who administer government regulatory agencies. Only judicious appointments and a workable system of checks and balances within can protect the integrity of any agency.

It was my experience in the drug industry that most executives were honest most of the time. But they were businessmen, who, in the old American tradition, placed company interest first. *Public* interest was F&DA's lookout, and if any of the officials concerned preferred private money to the rewards of public service, it was their decision to make. Drug executives are responsible to stockholders who pay their salaries. If in the course of their duties they also serve the public interest as they frequently do, it is to their special and individual credit. But regulatory officials are responsible to the people, and if in the course of *their* duties they serve private interests at the expense of public interests, it is not at all what they are paid for, and in certain well-defined situations is liable to criminal prosecution.

Businessmen don't spend their profits willy-nilly, but where they will accomplish the most toward making more profits. In the face of slack-jawed government control and piratical competitive razzle-dazzle in the law courts, drug executives are invited to drop their promotional dollars in many places. Much of the $287,000 spent on Dr. Henry Welch was considered a good investment—not in advertising or medical reprints which were of secondary and often negligible benefit—but in purchasing the favorable attention of that official to what might otherwise have been considered questionable petitions before his Antibiotics Division of F&DA. Dr. Barbara Moulton's testimony before the committee certainly showed that the companies had been spending some of their money in the right place.

If Dr. Welch is guilty of a serious breach of public trust—and the Senate testimony thus far would indicate as much—Commissioner Larrick and Secretary Flemming are no less guilty for permitting the conditions of Welch's employment to exist in the first place and to endure in the second. Both gentlemen have pleaded ignorance of the real facts and have claimed a misplaced trust in Dr. Welch. This apparently prevented them from knowing what most people in the pharmaceutical industry knew for years and what it took a Senate investigation and Lear's articles to expose.

WARREN KIEFER.

Old Saybrook, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The U.S. Senate drug hearing record, to which Warren Kiefer contributed as a witness (SR/Research, July 2), includes only the spoken word and does not indicate pauses. One long and perhaps significant pause occurred in the testimony of Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Arthur H. Flemming.*

The Senate subcommittee chairman, Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, had asked Mr. Flemming why no one in the Food and Drug Administration or in the HEW Department had demanded that F&DA antibiotics division chief Henry Welch, Ph.D., give an accounting of his private income as editor of journals dealing with drugs he was officially responsible for regulating. Secretary Flemming had explained that no one in the Department had reason to doubt Dr. Welch's word, that no one suspected existence of the arrangement by which MD Publications—owner of the journals Dr. Welch edited—paid Dr. Welch a fixed percentage of the journals' income from advertising and reprints.

Senator Kefauver then produced a one-page memorandum that the Senate committee staff had found in the files of Secretary Flemming's own office. Dated May 6, 1959, months before action was taken to remove Dr. Welch from the government, this memo bore the heading "Paper for the files on the Dr. Welch matter" and listed five "possible principles involved." One of the five principles stated: "Existence of relationship of a Federal employee with a publication where (a) his income varies with the amount of advertising received by the publication or (b) is dependent on reprints ordered by private concerns may constitute a conflict of interest."

Up to that time, neither the SR reports on drug marketing abuses nor any other published commentaries on the Welch case had suggested a sliding scale of pay for Dr. Welch. How did the possibility of such an arrangement become introduced into the memo?

Secretary Flemming paused for a period of seconds before replying, then said cautiously, "Mr. Chairman, let me now identify the source of this and the reason for it."

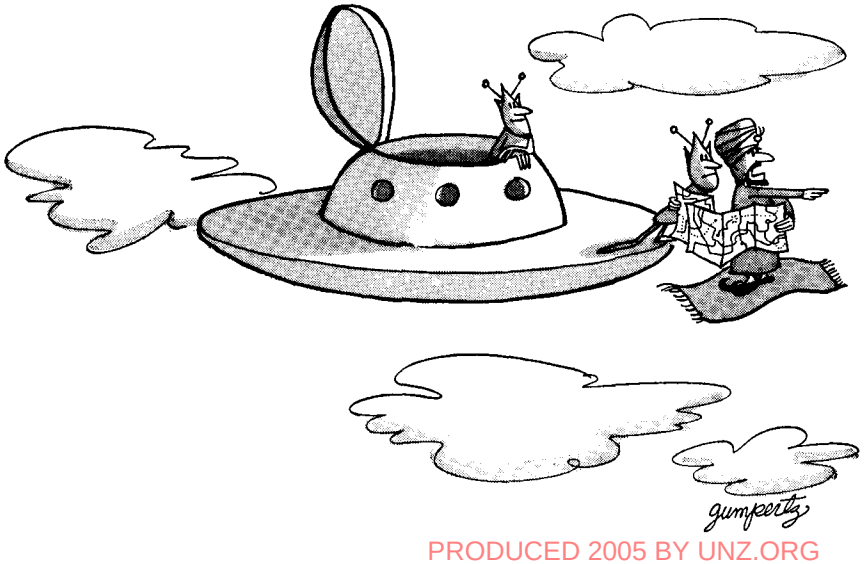
The Secretary turned to subordinates seated in chairs about him and engaged in whispered consultation. Then, turning back to Senator Kefauver, Mr. Flemming confirmed that a member of his staff had indeed written such a memo. Regaining his composure quickly, the HEW Department head insisted that the memo had no significance.

Many people are still wondering about that memo.

The Senate hearing record strongly suggests that the partner of Dr. Welch's outside activities, Dr. Felix Marti-Ibanez, believed F&DA Commissioner George Larrick was familiar with the details of Dr. Welch's arrangements. While objecting, in letters, to discussion of the affairs of MD Publications with others, he proposed that Dr. Welch's files of his correspondence concerning MD Publications be kept in the Commissioner's office.

The Senate record clearly shows that while orders were being drafted to require Dr. Welch to terminate his employment outside the government (but before Dr. Welch's quarter of a million earnings from drug manufacturers were exposed), Commissioner Larrick sought Secretary Flemming's approval to "reassure Dr. Welch that he would be subjected to neither disciplinary action nor criticism." Mr. Larrick also asked "that the Department's policy [on conflict of interest] not be more stringent upon a regulatory agency and its personnel than on any other type of activity or people in the Department."

Do such expressions embody the attitude the American people expect to find in a chief official guardian of their physical well being and indeed of their very lives? Or, as reader Kiefer suggests, do we need a new Commissioner of Food and Drugs?



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—*Photo by N.C.*

The only jungle . . . the fastest-changing African has ever seen is the urban jungle . . . abysmal . . . higgledy-piggledy squalor.

WHEN AFRICANS GO TO TOWN

A Doctor's First-Hand Report on "The Waking Sickness"

By H. JACK GEIGER, M.D.

THE headlines from the Congo have made it abundantly clear that there is a new sickness in Africa. It is not at all like yellow fever, or malaria, or schizophrenia or sleeping sickness, though all these exist in ugly abundance. It is not just a physical illness, not just an emotional illness, not a social illness, though it has aspects of all three. We do not yet know very much about it, but as a beginning, in a continent coming violently, explosively awake, it might be called the waking sickness. It is the disorder of rapid social change.

It is the waking sickness that underlies the conflicts in Leopoldville, Stanleyville, Katanga, the Congo and Africa at large. But the headlines—speaking vaguely of "Congolese" or "Africans" or "tribesmen"—have not made it clear that the new troubles, regardless of national borders, have common roots.

South of the Sahara, Africa permits few generalizations. It is big: the size of the United States, India and China combined. It is surprisingly empty: in nine million square miles, there are only 145 million people. It is startlingly varied, juxtaposing snow and jungle, desert and river valley, echoing prairie and city slum, Baluba and Watusi and Bahutu and Zulu and Basuto and tribeless citydweller. Change, greater or lesser, at one rate or another, is the only constant.

While the waking sickness can be seen in its early, prodromal stages in the open country, even in the thatched-hut clusters of tribal villages, its focus is in the African cities—cities which have doubled and even tripled in size in a decade. Here—in Ibadan and Lagos and Accra and Salisbury, in Leopoldville and Capetown—it is epidemic, for this is the home of the "new" African, the urban African, the fastest-changing African.

As with all diseases, we can see it best in one community, one family, one man.

This man and his family were patients of mine, in a unique African health center where the chief concern was not disease—at least not any disease listed in the medical texts—but rather the complicated relationship of social change to all illnesses.

We will call him Abel—Abel Ngasa. He is a thin, quick-moving, coffee-brown man of forty-six. He happens to be a Zulu; but his story would be much the same if he came from any

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—Constance Stuart: Black Star.

. . . fresh, raw, confused—and semi-tribal . . .

one of a thousand other tribes. He happens to live in a segregated township—just outside a city in South Africa; it might be any other city on the continent. We will call it Newtown.

Abel is, first of all, a complicated and deeply paradoxical man. He is an African, but the only jungle he has ever seen is the urban jungle, the abysmal shantytown slum in which he spent his youth. He is a loquacious man—fluent in two languages and familiar with a third—yet somehow inarticulate, unable to find in any of his tongues the words that will clearly express his longings or uncertainties.

He was born in the shattered remnants of a tribal society, on raw farmland a hundred miles away, but he has no travel-poster tribal markings on his skin. The lasting symbols of his identity—like those of every human, everywhere—are inside, carved deep in the secret marrow of his behavior, his perceptions and his dreams.

Abel is a Christian, a deacon in his church, a Sunday-school choirmaster, a competent electrician, a devoted family man—yet on three nights of any average week he will come home sodden drunk, rage at his oldest son, frighten his babies, and beat his wife.

He is, finally, a sick man. Yet his clinical diagnoses (chronic malnutrition, chronic alcoholism, cirrhosis of the liver) describe, but do not explain, his illness. To understand it, one must know at least a little of the long road that brought him to Newtown, what Newtown is like, and what is happening to the lives of those close to him.

Abel Ngasa was the fifth of eight children in a tribal family. Tribal families are big. Abel grew up in a sprawling company of parents and grandparents and sisters and cousins and brothers and uncles. Tribal families are patriarchal. Abel learned early that the important decisions were made by one "big father," his grandfather. Tribal families are cooperative. Every one of Abel's relatives worked, and no one went hungry.

It was a deceptively simple world. When Abel was five, he cared for the chickens, as his older brother had before him; when he was six, he watched the goats; when he was seven, he herded cattle. His sisters, in similar sequence, fetched water and cooked and watched over the younger children. If his mother had to work in the field, there were plenty of mother-substitutes—the sisters and the cousins and the aunts—to hold the newest baby.

The family in the next valley lived by the same rules, spoke the same language, had the same problems and solved them in the same ways. If someone was sick, he was nursed; if he was bewitched, he was treated by the witchdoctor. A child's rearing was the same as that of his mother and father.

Two things changed the pattern. When Abel was seven, he went to a mission school and began to learn about another world. When Abel was nine, he was catapulted into that other world; he moved, with his father, mother and two brothers, to the city.

The house was different, made of tin and cardboard and old lumber. The food was different. The people were different; suddenly the world was full of strangers, behaving strangely, speaking other tongues. The family was different, too. There was no supporting network of relatives, no mother-substitutes, no grandmother to give advice, no grandfather to make decisions.

The fields and the cattle were gone; people worked for money. The diseases were different; witchcraft failed, and every third baby died in its first year. The problems were different; there was talk of police and passes, jobs and jails. The roles were different; mothers worked away from home, and children—if lucky—went to school.

There was, in short, what the sociologists called *anomie*—normlessness, a kind of chaos. This is where Abel Ngasa grew up, went to school, learned a trade, suffered the pangs of adolescence, learned to drink, made love, spoke English and Zulu and Afrikaans, became a Christian, found a job, and married the girl next door.

Her name was Evelyn Makhtin. She bore her first child when she was sixteen; her mother delivered the baby. When it was a month old, Evelyn strapped it on her back and went back to work in the "white" city as a domestic servant. Four years and two babies later, the new family moved to Newtown.

After the smells, the filth and the higgledy-piggledy squalor of the slums, Newtown—a government housing project—looks pleasantly suburban. Its 2,000 two-room and three-room concrete houses are settled neatly over three hills. Scattered among them are churches, schools, a community center, a shopping center, a community health clinic. Its roads are paved. Some of the houses have electric light; all have running water.

BUT *anomie* and chaos are here, too, in somewhat subtler form. More than 23,000 people live in Newtown—an average of almost twelve persons per home. There is enormous mobility; every year, some 2,000 residents leave, 2,500 move in, and 2,000 transients pass through. Seventy per cent of the new arrivals come from the slums, bearing among other things tuberculosis, typhoid, syphilis and slum toughness. Twenty per cent arrive fresh, raw, confused—and semi-tribal—from rural areas.

Ninety per cent of the parents are rural-born; seventy-five per cent of the children are city-born. Of the children under sixteen, nearly thirty per cent are not living with both parents, and some ten per cent—many of them children under five—are separated from their mothers.

In twenty-three per cent of the Newtown homes, there are working mothers. Adolescents, increasingly, are on their own; there are juvenile gangs; and today every third baby is illegitimate.

There are other, even grimmer, statistics. Of every 1,000 babies, ninety die in the first year of life. Of the survivors, half have been exposed to tuberculosis by their second birthdays. Nearly seventy per cent of the children go to school, but schooling costs money, and the per-capita income is the purchasing power, equivalent of seven dollars a month. The luckiest children get a half a pint of milk a day. A few eat an egg once a week.

Abel and Evelyn Ngasa have lived here for fourteen years, and raised nine children. Four other children are dead.

At the age of forty-three, Evelyn is the anchor of the family; a short, stocky woman, quiet and firm, and vastly changed. This once timid domestic servant can now speak and read two languages, balance the books of the church auxiliary, estimate the protein in a baby's diet, chair a meeting, operate a sewing machine, teach a daughter to cook and a son to save the money from a newspaper route. She is chairman of the Newtown Combined Women's Club—a post roughly equivalent in status (and not, after all, so different in function) to the presidency of the League of Women Voters in Scarsdale, New York. And she has other skills. She knows how to go hun-

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gry so that schoolbooks can be bought for eager children. She knows how to sleep on a floor so that a tuberculous infant can sleep in a bed.

There is nothing magical about this transformation. For fourteen years, Evelyn has been in contact with Newtown's health center; for fourteen years, the health center has been in the business of educating the community—or rather, of helping the community to educate itself. A dozen times a week, health center workers meet with small groups—the Evelyn Ngasas and their neighbors—in one or another of Newtown's neighborhoods, not merely to teach but to talk over the problems of feeding babies, raising children, forming new organizations, living in a new society. There have been two over-riding goals: to increase the sensitivity of the community to new ideas, and to increase its ability to discriminate between alternatives. Evelyn Ngasa has learned them both.

But Evelyn is not sure, any longer, of techniques that once required no conscious thought: how to guide an unruly son, how to please a husband.

A quick look at the next generation—for instance, at Hamilton Ngasa, first of the city-born—discovers the same story of change, but even more rapid. In his mid-twenties, Hamilton is an entrepeneur, half-owner of an old Ford truck, operator of a laundry route.

In his two decades of life, Hamilton has been successively schoolboy, truant, delinquent, convict; factory worker and vagrant; syphilitic and hospital patient; Christian and agnostic; striker and African nationalist. Now, tight-lipped and self-contained, he has his own bank account, an "understanding" with a girl in nurse's training school, plans for a home of his own, a cold wariness of white people, and contempt for his father's intermittent efforts to play the patriarch. The old truck is, in a way, symbolic of the rate of change. Abel Ngasa walked; Hamilton drives.

On a file card in the Newtown health center is a list of clinical diagnoses for Evelyn and Hamilton and all the others who are crowded into Abel Ngasa's two-room house. But again the card describes more than it explains. It is some help to a doctor, but not enough, to know that Evelyn has hypertension and Hamilton is malnourished; or to learn—it is a long and dreary list—that Frank, aged twenty-one, is delinquent, an early alcoholic, and twice had gonorrhea. Holly, at sixteen a gifted student in the township high school, has schistosomiasis (a parasitic infestation) and anemia. Faith, ten, is blind in one eye. Elizabeth, fourteen, is infested with roundworms. Mabel, nine, has early tuberculosis. Two younger boys have malnutrition, ringworm and decaying teeth.

The doctor can speculate. A women with an alcoholic husband, a defiant son, and an adolescent daughter (in a community where fifty-eight per cent of the first-born children are illegitimate) is likelier than some to have high blood pressure. A man who knew one kind of father, but cannot be that kind of father to his sons, who saw (in his childhood) one kind of marriage but lives now in another, may drink too much. A son who grew up in a hurry may be in a hurry to leave. Listen to them:

ABEL: "Yes, I come home drunk and make noise and wake the children. That's because I have to go to the beer-hall; I can't drink quietly at home as a man should . . . the children hear two voices at home—hers and mine—and that's not right . . . they don't respect the home."

ABEL again, in confusion: "If anyone in my family wants to be a doctor, I will work to pay for that until my hands fall off . . . but I hoped, really,

—*Hubmann: Black Star*

. . . the anchor of the family . . .

when the boys grew up they would give me their money, as they should, and I could train to be a priest."

ABEL finally, brokenly: "I feel like such a nuisance at home, interfering, causing trouble, not having any real place in the family . . . I can't give the children the things they need or ask for . . . what kind of father will they think I am?"

EVELYN: "It is not for him I work. It is for the children—all of it, everything, is for the children. Why else am I here? My children will be doctors and nurses and teachers and lawyers, and they will wash no one's dirty clothes."

HAMILTON: "The old ways are done and the old-fashioned fathers are no use. Now the white man wants to play the father. I don't need him. Let him go back to church and preach meekness and acceptance and say everything will be better in the other land. What other land? This is my land."

For urban Africa, these people are not atypical, any of them—a little richer than some perhaps, better-educated than most, healthier than many. Can scientific analysis help us to understand what has happened to them? The disciplines of medicine, psychiatry, social anthropology, public health all can contribute to an answer, and each has its experts, but there are, as yet, few who are also experts in social change.

The fundamental problem has been most forcibly stated by a diplomat, George Kennan. "Wherever the authority of the past is too suddenly and too drastically undermined," he said recently, "wherever the past ceases to be the great and reliable reference book of human problems—wherever, above all, the experience of the father becomes irrelevant to the trials and searching of the son—there the foundations of man's inner health and stability begin to crumble . . . These are the

—*Western Reserve.*

Dr. H. Jack Geiger.

H. JACK GEIGER WENT TO AFRICA three years ago, before he attached the initials M.D. to his name. He had been convinced for some time that the great future of medicine lay in understanding of the role of culture in man's mental and physical well-being. Traveling on a study grant from an American foundation whose name he promised not to use in connection with anything he wrote, Geiger entered a public health center in the Union of South Africa as a medical student and worked with native patients for five months. Since then, while completing his education at Western Reserve and Harvard universities, he has been patiently waiting for history to catch up with his personal experience. The troubles that came with independence to the Congo gave him a timely opportunity to describe what he calls "the waking sickness." It is especially virulent among peoples who move suddenly from a natural environment to the sharp-edged and hard-surfaced substitutes that man has built.

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marks of an era of rapid technological and social change . . . and if the price is to cut man's ties to the past and catapult him violently across centuries of adjustment into some new and unfamiliar technological stratosphere, then I am not sure the achievement is worth it."

This is probably too grim. A growing number of anthropologists find evidence, in Bali, in New Guinea, and in Africa itself that rapid, successful social change is possible, even preferable to a slower pace. And the fact is that the Ngasas have survived, even thrived.

The health center in Newtown is all but shut down today, undermined by a hostile government intent on white supremacy. But elsewhere, in half a dozen cities in Africa's new and emerging nations, others of the same kind are appearing.

Much is written today of the needs of underdeveloped nations for physicians and engineers and schools and capital investment. These are urgent needs, and should be approached energetically instead of being neglected as they have been since a special African study panel of the National Academy of Sciences pointed up their importance more than a year ago. But even more urgent is the need for teams of social scientists to study the swiftly changing cultural patterns so that the physicians and the agricultural scientists and the engineers will not find themselves working furiously on vital projects and wondering why the methods that proved effective elsewhere are failing.

A "white paper" from the office of Dr. George Kistiakowski, President Eisenhower's Special Assistant for Science and Technology, could mobilize American public opinion behind the most hopeful project that I know about in this area. The National Institutes of Health have joined with the NAS affiliate—The National Research Council—to set up a joint committee under anthropologist Neil Miller of Yale to explore for two years the social, psychological, and genetic components of the waking sickness wherever it appears on Earth. Out of this exploration will come a five-to-ten year series of inter-disciplinary research projects designed to discover how best to train native peoples (there are plenty of good candidates in Africa, I know from experience) to attune the physical and mental health of their compatriots to the twentieth century environment.

We Americans are an impatient people, and five to ten years may seem too long a time to be occupied in merely learning how to do something. But the waking sickness is going to be with us for generations. No cure for it will be found without enormous patience and persistent curiosity.

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LIV

The Story of Creation — I

A SCIENTIFIC TRANSLATION OF THE BOOK OF GENESIS

Professor Thomas Gold, of Cornell University, Combs the Sky to Document His New Version

—Ithaca, N. Y.

PROFESSOR THOMAS GOLD is working on a new translation of the Book of Genesis. He doesn't call it that, but most people are going to think of it that way. Instead of a dictionary, he hopes to use a 1,000-foot radiotelescope with a radar beam that can reach farther out into the sky than man has ever reached before. The source materials for his study are the galaxies, stars, planets, comets, and other bodies that light the deep darkness of heaven.

The version of Genesis that most of us know says the universe was created all at once at the beginning of time. Astronomers call this the "big bang" theory of creation. They place the date somewhere between five and eight billion years ago. They suppose that gaseous matter flew in all directions then, and, because the stuff was so closely jammed together, there were myriads of collisions which gave rise to galaxies, star clusters, and individual stars. According to the "big bang" astronomers, it is quite likely that our Sun—one of the many stars whirling through the chaos—bumped into another blob of gas, perhaps another star. What the Sun spit off in passage became the planets.

Professor Gold questions that interpretation of the story of creation. He doubts that there was any fixed point in time when the whole universe came into being. A theory that he worked out with Hermann Bondi and Fred Hoyle two decades ago offers the alternative proposition that individual galaxies, stars, and other bodies always have been and are being created.

Like translators who work with words and sentences instead of with stars and galaxies, Professor Gold has added refinements to his modern rendition of Genesis as he has learned more about the subject. The original idea, formulated while he and Bondi were associated in radar development for the British Admiralty during World War II, was added to, revised, and re-shaped as he moved from postwar teaching at Cambridge University to the post of Assistant to the Royal Astronomer in England, to the astronomy department at Harvard, and finally to Cornell University. Here he is simultaneously chairman of the astronomy department, Professor of Physics, Professor of Electrical Engineering, head of Cornell's new Center for Radiophysics and Space Research, and one of the designers of the radiotelescope with which he expects to polish the final draft of his history of the cosmos.

Note the use of the two qualifying verbs, "hopes" and "expects." Professor Gold cannot be absolutely sure of the role he will play in operation of the world's biggest electronic ear. Four million dollars of U.S. Air Force funds are paying for installation of the instrument in the hills near Arecibo on the island of Puerto Rico, and it will be up to the Air Force to decide who will have the benefit of Cornell's designs after the construction job is finished next summer. But it hardly seems likely that the brainpower now quartered in Ithaca will be deprived of recognition for the millions in taxes Professor Gold and his associates saved by dropping the radiotelescope dish in a mountain bowl instead of gouging its site from the face of the Earth.

Since the mountains can't be tilted back and forth to suit astronomers' whims, the radio telescope must be fixed; its beam can move only twenty degrees in each direction. For that reason the instrument was put in the Caribbean, in the Equatorial zone where the Sun and Earth's sister planets are in an easily visible plane.

Whether Professor Gold or someone else is at the controls, the Arecibo telescope inevitably will be employed to document or refute his "steady state"

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—Cornell.

. . . expects to polish the final draft . . .

version of creation. With it, man will be able for the first time to send messages as far out as Saturn, the most distant planet in the solar system. From the transmission period of these signals, it will be possible to measure the size of the system to a scale of error of one part in several millions, compared to present day error of one part in several thousands. The same order of precision can be applied to other measurements, such as the speed of the system's rotation.

Astronomers now calculate that Saturn and Jupiter combined make up only one-thousandth of the total mass of the solar system; yet these two bodies are the giants of the planetary family and account for all but two per cent of the angular momentum, which is to say the speed at which the Sun and all the planets are revolving.

The radiotelescope for which the ground is now being prepared in Puerto Rico will send out radar impulses powerful enough to reach Saturn and go somewhat beyond. Since Jupiter is closer to Earth than Saturn, it, too, will be within range with power to spare. If the signals that go out do not return, observers will accept this as negative evidence that Saturn and Jupiter are globes of consistently dense gas into which the radar waves simply sink and disappear. This might mean that the two giant planets are actually more like stars, half-way stars that no longer burn. Could that in turn mean that the Sun was once a double star? Or that the planets are leftovers from interplay of the Sun and what once was a gaseous Saturn-Jupiter disk?

Whatever happened, by what means was so much of the Sun's momentum given over to those two distant bodies? If the mechanism of conversion can be found, Professor Gold may have the main clue to the origin of the solar system. He intends to help confirm the mechanism by measuring the activity of gases above Earth's atmosphere. The Arecibo telescope can detect movements in the electrical envelope of the ionosphere 3,000 miles out from us, whereas radars now available can prove only as far as 200 miles out. As the distance grows, the particles that comprise the gases zig-zag independently in all directions. But there may be a pattern in their seeming aimlessness, and that pattern may be the means by which not only the Sun but all other slowly rotating stars have lost their momentum through the ages. With enough data, it is possible to calculate backwards and learn what happened and how it happened long ago.

"With as much certainty as we can ever achieve in astronomy," Professor Gold is careful to amend. "For some people," he recognizes, "astronomy must be a terrible chore — because nothing can ever be proved, and the uncertainties are enormous. But we have to go ahead making speculations on what we know and then revising those as we get more data." For all his imposing titles, the Professor looks even younger than his thirty-nine years when he talks in this vein. It is easy to see how less famed colleagues fall into the habit of calling him "Tommy." He wears his renown as casually as he wears his correctly-cut British tweeds (which contradict the gay song of Vienna in his voice) and his blue eyes shine brightly as the words tumble out, each sentence faster than the last.

IS there life on other planets? He thinks there may be on planets of other stars. But the prospects elsewhere in the solar system do not seem favorable to him. If the work in Puerto Rico progresses on schedule, he won't have to guess much longer. The signals from Arecibo can reach either Mars or Venus with plenty of power unspent. What apears to some to be Martian vegetation can be identified by the three-foot radar waves if the plants are as much as three feet high. And if there is life-giving water beneath the thick cloud cover of Venus, it, too, can be discerned by the difference in reflection of radar signals by a smooth liquid surface and by the irregularities of land.

These may be disturbing questions for many minds. But they cause no shock in the mind of Thomas Gold. His is a mind that seems most at home in the broadest possible frame of reference. It is a mind that never tires of stretching and never shies from new discoveries. It is the kind of mind that Cornell will encourage if the new space research program realizes the hopes of engineering dean Dale Corson, who conceived the idea of the center Professor Gold now heads. To prepare young people for such breadth of outlook, it is necessary for the center staff to encompass many disciplines. Among Professor Gold's fourteen associates are electrical and aeronautical engineers as well as physicists and astronomers. Under their guidance, a dozen graduate students are already at work and more will be added as the project expands.

The elastic environment delights Professor Gold. For him, Cornell has the atmosphere he loved at Cambridge and missed at Harvard, where "things are too citified." In Ithaca, life is more relaxed (and close by is the skiing he has enjoyed since boyhood in the Alps) and there is more time for discussion and speculation. Home is only five minutes away from his office in Phillips Hall. And at home are Mrs. Gold (nee Merle Tuberg, an astronomy Ph.D. who met her future husband while she was at Cambridge on a National Research Council fellowship) and their two daughters, ten-year-old Linda and Lucy, aged five.

Lucy not only crosses the lines of scientific disciplines in pursuit of her father; she ignores them. Once when he asked her how far away the Sun is, she replied, "I don't know." "You don't know?" he challenged in mock surprise. "Why, I thought everyone knew that." Lucy said: "Just because you're interested in the Sun and things like that, you needn't think everyone is." "Besides," she added, "if you think you're going to the Sun and burn up, you can't. Mommy won't let you."

—ROBERTA SILMAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *An understanding of Professor Thomas Gold and his ideas about the creation of the universe is timely background for reading an unorthodox new book that was published in this country on August 22 by Basic Books. "Towards a Unified Cosmology" is the title of the volume, written by Dr. Reginald O. Kapp, a former president of the British Society for the Philosophy of Science. Dr. Kapp argues that if new matter is being continuously created, then existing matter must be continually extinguished. As each particle vanishes, he believes, it puckers the space around it, creating a continuum of jerks that together comprise the pull of gravity. Because the pulling mass diminishes every year (he figures that when the first of Earth's rocks were washed into place 2,000 million years ago, the planet was thirty-two times as massive, with thrice the radius it has today; in the subsequent shrinkage, mountains were formed by the crumpling of Earth's crust) the weight of gravity steadily lessens, speeding the evolution of life. For more of this exciting story, turn the page* ►

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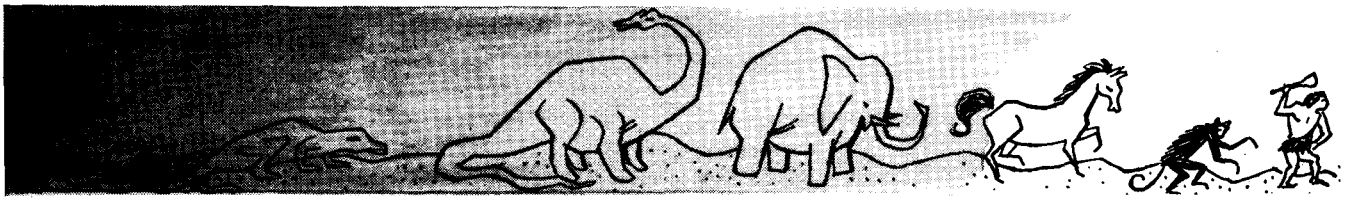
SCIENCE IN BOOKS

The Story of Creation — II

DID EARTH SHRINK TO BEGET MAN?

Here's a New Theory of Man-from-Clay in a Roundabout Way



ACCORDING to the now accepted view . . . [that matter has an infinite life] there is no reason to suppose that physical conditions on Earth have changed very significantly during the past two thousand million years. . . . The temperature must have been about the same in the remote past as now. There must have been sea and land and the same atmosphere. Science fiction may speak of swamps and twilight and a primordial slime, but geology does not seem to justify such flights of imagination. Nothing is known against the conclusion that the same plants and animals that live today, including man, would have found the earth a congenial place in those distant times. Why then, one is led to ask, did they not occur for so many hundreds of millions of years? Was the Earth really, it has to be asked, hospitably ready so long ago for the forms that exist today and did they really wait all that while before they accepted the invitation? If the Earth had the same climate and other physical conditions so long ago, why the grand evolutionary cavalcade, in which species evolve, have their brief era of dominance, become extinct and are succeeded by others? Why did those species that occur now not evolve earlier? Why did the early species not survive to this day?

One possible answer is that evolution is a slow process and that during those past hundreds of millions of years plants and animals have been adapting themselves ever better to conditions on this planet. But the answer is hardly tenable. We know that evolution is not as slow as all that. Pronounced evolutionary changes come about during periods of time that are quite short by the geologist's time scale. The complex history of mammalian evolution was completed in only a couple of hundred million years. At this rate one should expect that evolution from amoeba to mollusc would have been completed at least eighteen hundred million years ago. But the first known molluscs seem to date from Cambrian times, only five hundred million years ago. Fifteen hundred million years for evolution of the first thing that could leave fossil remains is too long. It does not equate with modern genetic knowledge.

We also know that the species that are now extinct must have been well adapted to their surroundings, for they did survive for many generations. On a rational interpretation of evolution there can have been but little scope for improvement. Yet no species that lived in Cambrian times has descendants today that resemble their ancestors sufficiently to be classed as the same species.

A possible answer to the question why every early species has become extinct is that there was too much competition with more successful rivals. According to this view every kind of plant and animal that ever lived on earth would have living descendants like itself today were it not that it was either preyed upon or starved to the point of extinction by more competent later arrivals. To say this is to say that adaptation to the physical circumstances of the inanimate environment was perfected a long while ago and that since then adaptation has always only been to the competitive circumstances introduced by living things.

This answer might explain the occasional extermination of a few species but not, it seems to me, that of every species that existed a few hundred million years ago. It is true enough that nature, as the poet said, is red in tooth and claw; the struggle for survival is indeed fierce. But the opposed forces are closely balanced. The conflicts that we observe today rarely result in the complete elimination of one of the warring species. What more often happens is that the one gains no more than a relative ascendancy over the other. The world is, moreover, not so densely populated that the various species are in continuous conflict. Many survive by the simple process of avoiding those stronger than themselves. Animals that are preyed upon remorselessly go on having descendants for many millions of years. Why should the day have come for every one of them when there could be no more descendants of the same form?

The answer that physical conditions have been steadily changing seems to me to provide a far more satisfactory explanation of the evolutionary trend than the answer that the sole cause of change has been competition. But no other reason for a change in physical conditions seems to have been found except the change in the mass of the Earth that I am claiming. This change means a corresponding change in the value of g [gravity] and must have very pronounced and varied effects. . . . I do not here pretend to give an exhaustive list of these, but only to mention some samples in the hope that others may further explore the field. I feel sure that it will prove a rewarding one.

If [Dr. Kapp's calculations are correct] . . . the weight of everything was more than three times its present weight two thousand million years ago. This must have caused the earth to be a very different place to the congenial Earth that we know. . . .

THE atmosphere was squeezed into a much thinner, if denser, blanket than our present atmosphere. There will have been but little evaporation of water in the dense air. Clouds must have been rare. Far from the twilight postulated by the romancers, the land and the sea must have been under a fierce glare. When clouds did form and shed their rain, each heavy raindrop must have fallen with a great speed and reached the ground with destructive impact.

At the high density of the air small local differences in temperature must have caused large displacements of

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air, so that average wind velocities must have been very high. At the same time even a low velocity, such as would be a gentle breeze today, must have had the force of a hurricane when the air was so much denser. The gales that swept the land must have been devastating and will have carried sand and pebbles, even great boulders, along.

When conditions on land were so violent, the sea must have been the only safe place for living things. If any vegetation at all could maintain itself on land, it must have been of the kind that clings to rocks like some of the present lichens. Anything that protruded a frond above the rockface would have been torn off by the raging tempests.

Before there were plants to put oxygen into the air and to provide food there could be no animals and as there could be no land plants until g had fallen to a level at which the earth had a tolerable climate, one should not expect land animals to have appeared until comparatively late in geological times. Even sea animals must have kept themselves well out from land. For only the tiniest of creatures could have survived the violence with which waves must have broken on the seashore in those times.

WHEN g had several times its present value, a branched tree was an impossibility. For no kind of wood would have been strong enough to support those cantilevers that we call branches. Stalks could not have borne the weight of fruit. Even leaves would have been a burden. If a plant could find a place to grow sheltered from the gale, it would yet have to have such a structure that its leaves would not drop off by their own weight.

Similar considerations apply to the early animals. No bull could have been strong enough to support its cantilever-like head. Bones and muscles could not have supported the tissues of any large animal. So one need not be surprised that, right up to the carboniferous period, there were no large animals. It was only then, when, by my estimate, g had not much more than twice its present value, that the amphibians began to evolve.

When g is great it is obviously easier to crawl than to walk. Hence the great saurians, which lived in the days when our coal deposits were being formed, were eminently adapted to terrestrial conditions of the time. It may also well be that they did really live in swamps. For they could then keep their heavy bodies submerged so that some of the weight would be borne by the water. As g decreased, their descendants will have raised more and more of their bodies above the surface. But nimble four-footed creatures had to wait until the weight of the mammalian body had dropped to a value at which slender stilt-like legs can support it; and then the first such creatures could only be small ones.

SO far I have only discussed those conditions that, from our present point of view, seem to have made the earth increasingly hospitable. I have spoken of the conditions that made later arrivals possible. But did the decreasing value of g not perhaps make the earth *less* hospitable to its previous inhabitants? Was there no change of the kind that would make the earth impossible for them?

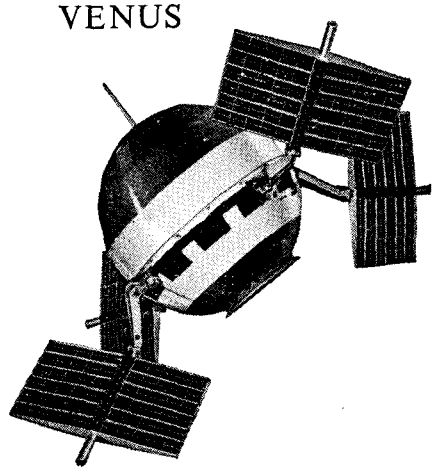
There must have been such changes, too, and a rewarding field of research would be to discover what they were. I shall be content to mention one obvious one. It is the decreasing density of the air. The heart, the blood and the lungs of the great saurians must have been adapted to the air pressure of their day. As this pressure decreased, they must have found themselves starved of oxygen. It may be that the descendants of us, who are alive today, will become extinct for the same reason. According to the hypothesis of continuous extinction, the time must come eventually when the earth will have so little mass that, like the moon now, it will no longer retain its atmosphere. But long before then the air will have become so rarified that creatures adapted to a pressure of one kg per square cm will not be able to get enough air to support life. Neither a violent cataclysm, nor cold, nor heat, but lack of oxygen seems most likely to bring the end about.

If gases and solids have been heavier in the past than they are now, so, of course, have liquids. When g was much greater than it is now, sap could not have risen in a tree. Nor could any animal have had a heart powerful enough to pump the heavy blood to a level much above that of the heart. The shape of a lizard was then better adapted to environment than the shape of a giraffe. While the heavier air could support the heavy body of a flying animal, monkeys could not readily have swung from branch to branch of trees.

In particular, one may surmise that man's erect posture and the enormous development of his brain had to wait until g had fallen to an appropriate value. A creature that held its head well above the ground and whose brain needed so copious a supply of blood could not have survived in a world where blood weighed much more than it does now.

—REGINALD O. KAPP
in "Towards a Unified Cosmology,"
(Basic Books, $6.50)

PIONEER V IS VAULTING TOWARD THE ORBITAL PATH OF VENUS



Pioneer V is seeking deeper into space than ever before attempted, as it nears the orbital path of Venus —26 million miles from earth.

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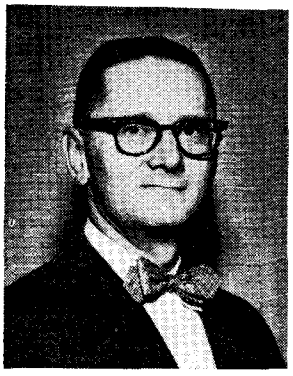
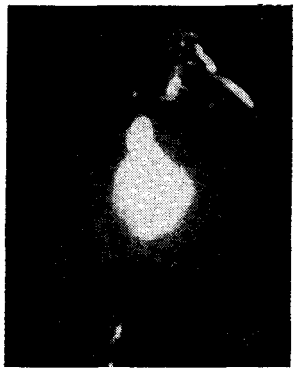
THE RESEARCH FRONTIER



—Benaix.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *In the end, it is the citizen, rather than the scientist, who decides. Through the influence he exerts on his legislative representatives, he determines the spending of tax monies which pay most of today's research bill. If he will, he can say whether the end will be constructive or destructive, for war or peace. Balls of lightning, for example, can be used as weapons or as sources of light and power. Which will it be? Some of the possibilities of this little known area of exploration are described below by a student of comparative science in Russia and America. Mr. Donald J. Ritchie is supervisory mathematician of the Bendix research laboratories at Southfield, Michigan.*

DONALD J. RITCHIE
(The Bendix Corp.)



—Bendix.

Man-made lightning ball.

WHEN an electric current passes through a gas, such as air, the air glows because charged electrons and ionized particles are moving among the gas molecules, colliding with them, producing beams of light. This phenomenon is known as an *electric discharge*. Fluorescent lamps, blinding arcs used for melting and welding metals, the pale light of the aurora borealis, the intense flash of lightning during an electrical storm are all variations of electric discharge in gases.

In an electric arc or fluorescent tube, the current passes from one electrode to the other under the "pressure" of the applied voltage. The electrons move toward the positive electrode while the ions move toward the negative. In the aurora borealis or in lightning flashing within a cloud, there are, of course, no electrodes and these phenomena are consequently called *electrodeless discharges*. Alternating electric fields of high intensity are generated in the atmosphere, forcing charged particles to oscillate. The collisions of these charged particles with other particles cause light to be emitted. The higher the frequency of the oscillations, the stronger is the electrical discharge.

Modern powerful high-frequency electron tube oscillators and radar transmitters are yielding new and unusual electrodeless discharges in gases. Research into the problems involved was initiated some years ago in the Soviet Union by Professor Georgi Il'ich Babat, working in the G. M. Krzhizhanovski Power Institute of the Department of Technical Sciences, Soviet Academy of Sciences. Babat was successful in achieving a strong electric flame, freely floating in the air and similar in nature to ball lightning. This work clearly influenced the hypothesis of Peter L. Kapitsa, an Academician of the Soviet Academy of Sciences since 1939, on the formation of ball lightning in nature. Kapitsa theorizes that intense high-frequency radio waves are produced during an electrical storm, and that these waves first form the lightning ball and then "feed" and maintain the ball by continuously supplying energy from the surrounding electric field. The absorption frequency corresponds to that of the characteristic oscillations of a sphere. Hence the wavelength of the waves absorbed will be 3.65 times the diameter of the ball. The most frequently observed diameter for lightning balls in nature is ten to twenty centimeters, so the wavelengths required to create such balls will range between thirty-five and seventy centimeters.

As demonstrated in radar operation, high frequency electromagnetic energy can be directed in the form of a beam if the size of the antenna or mirror focusing the beam is greater than the length of the electromagnetic wave. For example, if a frequency of 1,000 megacycles is used with an antenna dish several meters in diameter, the focus at which the electromagnetic energy is concentrated can be several meters from the mirror's surface.

In an article entitled "A Star Ignited by Physics," Babat describes a means of producing a powerful electrodeless discharge. He proposes the use of two very large paraboloidal or ellipsoidal mirrors, each with an area greater than the electromagnetic wavelength multiplied by the distance from the reflector to the point of discharge. The focal points of the two reflectors would meet. Thus a reflector greater than 18.5 feet in diameter (100 square meters) would cause a one-centimeter wave to produce a discharge of an altitude of 1,000 meters, more than half a mile up.

Think what would happen if this fiery mass of ionized gas should come in contact with the wall of a building or an airplane. It has been calculated that lightning ball discharges can produce pressures up to 100,000 pounds per square inch while the surface temperature of a lightning ball can be as high as 9,000 degrees F.

Can such freakish phenomena be created and controlled in the laboratory? Of utmost significance, can Soviet science harness such a power both as an instrument of service to man and as a terrifying weapon of war? Undoubtedly it can! For United States scientists in the Research Laboratories Division of The Bendix Corporation have produced a free space electrodeless discharge using radar and microwave techniques. (West German scientists, Dr. Hans Kleinwachter and Jens Geerk of the Ernst Mach Institute at Freiberg, have also produced electrodeless microwave discharge using similar radar techniques). The illustration shows a photograph taken by the Bendix scientists of a freespace microwave discharge occuring at the focus of a large parabolic reflector. The discharge is seen within a spherical glass chamber containing air at pressure reduced to stimulate the atmosphere at about 70,000 feet altitude.

The ionized mass of gas located at the focus of the reflector may be moved within the evacuated chamber by changing the position of the reflector. When the discharge area comes in contact with a solid object, the object is measurably heated even though the power in the microwave beam is quite moderate—averaging only about fifty watts.

It is anticipated that, as higher and higher power and higher frequency apparatus is utilized, more energetic and hotter discharges may be obtained. Further, these discharges may be generated at greater distances from the reflector. Deeper understanding of the physical principles involved, both in the generation of the microwave discharge and the properties of the ionized region itself, may lead to many unforeseen applications—thermonuclear power, transmission of power by wireless, laboratory tools, sources of light, and possible weapons.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1380

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Sportive; given to jest.	75 104 13 111 143 128 22
B. Making a choice, esp. of citizenship.	92 55 9 46 62 37 23 27
C. Disdainfully conscious of superiority arising from birth or station.	124 140 58 17 177 65 109
D. Group of workers who come to work after dark (2 wds.).	85 42 180 150 10 166 139 82 93 51
E. Voracious pikelike marine fish, edible but thought poisonous in Cuba.	147 157 115 61 136 47 173 163 36
F. Bright instantaneous light used for indoor snapshots.	50 181 89 141 171 121 59 151 100 103
G. Drumbeat (comp.).	91 122 43 2 146 78
H. Enclosed.	39 68 81 134 71 94 53
I. Good to eat.	142 25 52 44 108 162
J. Travel without equipment, camp, live, in the manner of an Indian.	5 15 24 96 64 175
K. The parry which is connected with a riposte; series of quick attacks and parries in which neither gains (comp.).	182 67 48 99 90 138 60 77
L. Raises.	105 79 86 165 123

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Surrounded by foreign territory.	49 16 21 112 26 88 148 69
N. The night heron of Puerto Rico.	7 8 129 30 4
O. Lacking stiffness; a halt in one's walk.	168 33 156 57
P. One who enchants.	179 152 174 132 38 18 159 170 126 11
Q. Steady current of air produced by rotation of the Earth and movements of air toward equatorial regions (2 wds.).	72 158 106 35 116 3 144 127 137
R. Originate, set up, something firmly fixed.	76 161 149 118 6 130 84 101 19
S. Polishing material made from potter's clay imperfectly baked.	154 63 133 176 83
T. Roused, discomposed.	87 41 1 97 155 31 66 117
U. Moderated; lowered the pitch; mellowed (2 wds.).	14 135 80 178 153 120 56 98 40
V. Of dimensions smaller than common, proper, normal, or average.	114 29 32 167 107 172 160 145 131 28
W. Set right.	73 20 102 113 125 169 45
X. Ornamenting by inlaying, embossing, or engraving.	74 70 110 95 12 34 164 119 54

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 T	2 G		3 Q	4 N	5 J		6 R	7 N		8 N	9 B	10 D	11 P	12 X	13 A
14 U	15 J	16 M	17 C		18 P	19 R	20 W		21 M	22 A	23 B	24 J	25 I		26 M	27 B
28 V		29 V	30 N	31 T		32 V	33 O	34 X	35 Q	36 E	37 B	38 P	39 H	40 U	41 T	
42 D	43 G		44 I	45 W		46 B	47 E	48 K	49 M	50 F	51 D	52 I	53 H	54 X		55 B
56 U	57 O	58 C	59 F	60 K	61 E		62 B	63 S	64 J	65 C	66 T		67 K	68 H	69 M	
70 X	71 H	72 Q		73 W	74 X	75 A	76 R	77 K	78 G	79 L	80 U	81 H		82 D	83 S	
84 R	85 D		86 L	87 T	88 M	89 F	90 K	91 G		92 B	93 D		94 H	95 X	96 J	97 T
	98 U	99 K	100 F		101 R	102 W	103 F	104 A	105 L	106 Q	107 V	108 I	109 C		110 X	111 A
112 M	113 W	114 V	115 E	116 Q	117 T		118 R	119 X	120 U		121 F	122 G	123 L	124 C	125 W	126 P
127 Q	128 A	129 N	130 R	131 V		132 P	133 S	134 H	135 U	136 E	137 Q		138 K	139 D	140 C	141 F
	142 I	143 A	144 Q	145 V	146 G	147 E	148 M	149 R	150 D	151 F	152 P		153 U	154 S	155 T	156 O
157 E		158 Q	159 P	160 V	161 R	162 I	163 E		164 X	165 L	166 D	167 V	168 O	169 W		170 P
171 F		172 V	173 E	174 P	175 J		176 S		177 C	178 U	179 P	180 D	181 F	182 K		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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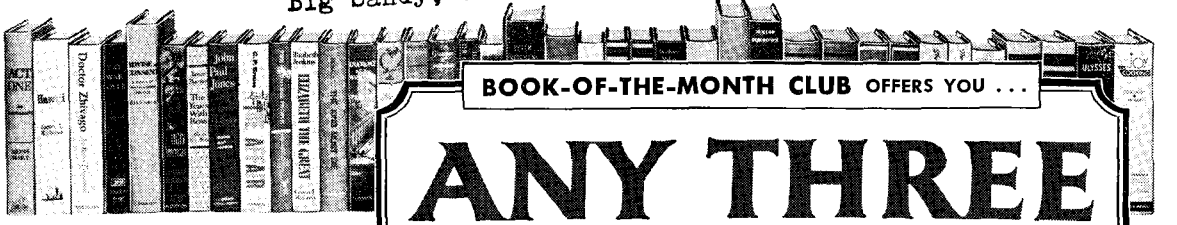

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